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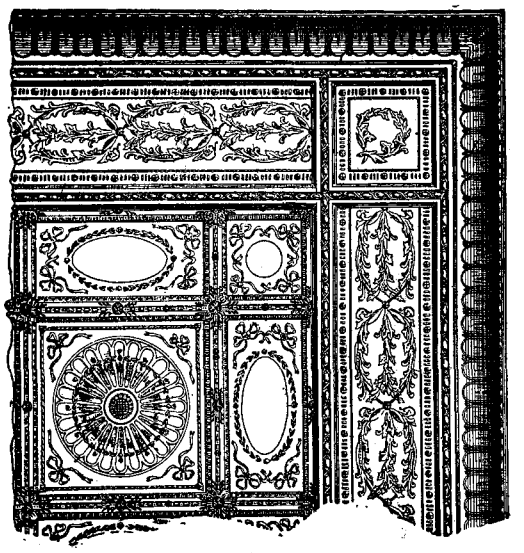

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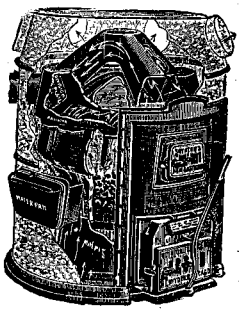

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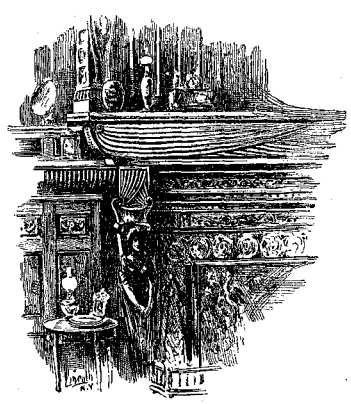

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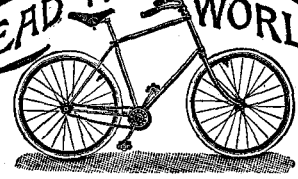

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Volume 48 For Week ending 12 August, 1893 Number 7

The Week

NOT since the war has any Congress met with so difficult a work before it as that which assembled on Monday. It had from the people the order to change our tariff policy from a protective to a revenue basis, and it has from the present panic the order to change our financial policy. Upon this last change, which overshadows the other in importance, no direct appeal to the people has been taken. Neither party platform in the last campaign declared explicitly for an increased or a decreased coinage of silver. The Democratic party, by denouncing the Sherman Act as "a cowardly makeshift," constructed a plank upon which the wildest inflationist and the most reckless contractionist could agree. Like William Henry Harrison's famous declaration that he believed the will of the people should rule, this confession of faith held up a looking-glass in which every constituency could see its own views reflected. It is true that the Democratic party indorsed an unmeasured inflation of the currency by demanding the repeal of the National tax on State bank notes, but President Cleveland ignored this plank in his letter of acceptance, and the campaign was so distinctively waged upon the tariff issue that the people cannot be said to have directed what currency policy Congress should pursue. In an uncommon degree, therefore, Congressmen are left free to act for themselves. The new factions formed have no relation to old party lines. On the one side are the gold monometallists, claiming that the panic is due to the excessive silver issues, and demanding the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act and the cutting off of the $50,000,000 of silver currency issued yearly under it; on the other are the free-coinage advocates, claiming that the panic is due to a deficiency of currency, and opposing the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act unless the free coinage of silver is granted in its stead. Between these two groups are a great number of moderate bimetallists—advocates of international bimetallism, or of the free coinage of silver at an increased ratio, or of its limited coinage under restrictions like those of the Bland-Allison Act of 1878.

❀

Nearly every Congressman was in his seat on Monday, and the newspapers have been industriously interviewing the members as to how they will vote upon the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act; but the replies leave everything uncertain. The New York "Tribune's" poll of the Senate seems to be fairly authoritative, and shows 36 Senators in favor of unconditional repeal, 39 opposed to it, and 13 doubtful. Most of the "doubtful" Senators, however, have in the past voted for free coinage, and the chances seem, therefore, to be against the passage of the unconditional repeal bill by the upper house. In the House of Representatives its chances are better. Mr. Bourke Cockran, of this city, a leader of the anti-silver forces, has favored the passing of a repeal bill before the committees are organized or the contested seats disposed of. The latest reports, however, indicate that the anti-silver forces are not strong enough for such action—even if they are in the majority. Speaker Crisp has been re-elected, but his attitude is still in doubt. He was elected to Congress and to the Speakership as a free-coinage silver man, yet anti-silver newspapers have predicted that he will displace Mr. Bland from the head of the Coinage Committee. Mr. Bland announces that he will make a hard fight for free coinage at the old ratio, and, failing in that, will accept free coinage at a ratio of 20 to 1. Mr. Cleveland's message, which strongly advocates a return to a single gold standard and a postponement of tariff revision until the financial question is settled, was given to Congress too late for comment upon it this week.

❀

The struggle to secure currency became sharp week before last, when such stocks as the Western Union, showing no falling off in revenues, fell to fifteen per cent. below their normal level. Money of every sort could be used to purchase these securities, and the country had the spectacle of money appreciated in value at the time when the public was being told by the gold monometallists that there was danger of depreciation. American prices became lower than European prices; and gold, instead of being shipped from America to Europe, as happened when the crisis was worst abroad, began to be shipped from Europe to America, in order to buy up our best securities at the abnormally low figures. The beginning of European shipments was naturally and sensibly taken as a sign that the worst was over, and stocks began to rise. Yet the rise was slow and unsteady. The scarcity of currency continued, and the Clearing-House of this city issued more certificates than during the panic of 1873. Government bonds fell to the lowest figure in years, and National banks began to purchase them in order to get from the Government more National bank currency. Here was a promise of several millions of currency more. Yet bank depositors remained alarmed lest they could not get their money, and a run was begun upon the savings banks by those who were reckless in their determination to protect themselves, no matter what injury their withdrawals might bring upon the rest of the community. Most of the savings banks of New York State were obliged to take advantage of the law permitting them to require sixty days' notice before the withdrawal of deposits. The other banks began to discriminate between the larger checks presented them for payment, giving out cash only when the payee evidently had need of cash for his pay-rolls or like purposes, and otherwise paying in certified checks. By these measures the withdrawal of currency for hoarding was restricted. Yet, in spite of all these measures, the supply of currency continued so inadequate that currency rose to a premium of two per cent. over certified checks, and paper money, including silver notes and Sherman notes, rose to a premium of one per cent. over gold. This was the astounding event of the week. Not only was paper money at a premium over gold, but, as between

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silver and gold, silver had the preference. The premium upon silver, according to a banker consulted, amounted to about one-quarter of one per cent., and was due to the fact that the silver currency is of the small denominations most in demand, while the gold currency is of larger denominations less in demand. The premium upon paper money was somewhat larger, and brought out sharply the utter baselessness of the outcry that prices were falling because of the fear of a depreciated silver and paper currency. This outcry was essentially unreasonable, because the fear of a depreciated currency always has and always must produce higher prices instead of lower, since men always demand more of such currency in exchange for their property. Yet, in spite of its unreasonableness, the theory was so widely believed that it is a great gain to the country that the Sherman Act currency should actually go to a premium even in the very center where it was most decried.

❀

At the Silver Convention in Chicago eight hundred delegates assembled, chiefly men from the agricultural districts of the middle West and the mining regions of the far West. The leaders of the Convention endeavored to give to its deliberations a conservative character. In the main they were successful, but the Populist feeling was strong, and Governor Waite, of Colorado, and Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, were there to voice its most revolutionary demands. Governor Waite somewhat surprised the Convention by his patriarchal appearance and mildness of manner, but he concluded his speech with a declaration about "blood to the horses' bridles . . . rather than that national liberties be destroyed" which closely resembled the Colorado utterance imputed to him by the press dispatches. General Warner, of Ohio, was the leading spirit of the Convention, and in his address struck its keynote when he said that the country had now come to the parting of the ways, and must decide whether both silver and gold shall continue to supply the world's need of more currency, or gold alone be used for that purpose, thus doubling its value and doubling the burden of all debts. He ridiculed the idea that the shrinkage of values going on in all gold-standard countries was due to the $150,000,000 of new currency issued under the Sherman Act. This shrinkage, he declared, is but "the beginning of the shrinkage that must take place in order to go to a purely gold basis." The resolutions adopted consisted quite largely of quotations from Sherman, Blaine, and Carlisle upon the evils involved in a contraction of the currency. Mr. Carlisle's statement of these evils, given in the House of Representatives, February 21, 1878, was more radical than any utterance of the Convention. In part it was as follows:

> "I know that the world's stock of precious metals is none too large, and is not likely to become so. Mankind will be fortunate indeed if the annual production of gold and silver coin shall keep pace with the annual increase of population, commerce, and industry. According to my views of the subject, the conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy by legislation and otherwise from three-sevenths to one-half of the metallic money of the world is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age. The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilences, and famines that ever occurred in the history of the world."

It will be interesting to observe how far Secretary Carlisle has departed from his earlier view. The Convention, of course, declared against the suspension of the silver issues under the Sherman Act, except on condition that the country return to the law prior to 1873, and freely coin both metals at the ratio of 16 to 1.

❀

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Reynolds has written to Judge Slagle, of Pittsburg, a letter which makes clear the policy of the present Administration toward the pensioners. The only pension list that is being revised, says Mr. Reynolds, is that of soldiers pensioned under the law of June 27, 1890. All previous pension acts, it will be remembered, granted pensions to soldiers only on the ground that they had sustained some loss in the service. This act extended pensions to all soldiers who for any cause other than immorality have become disabled. The present Administration, in its ruling that the test of pensionable disability laid down in the law is inability to earn a living by manual labor, placed the same construction upon the law as did Mr. Reynolds's predecessor, Assistant Secretary Bussey. Commissioner Raum, in ignoring this test and in rating disabilities not of service origin the same as disabilities that were of service origin, exceeded his authority and allowed pensions which the law did not allow. Commissioner Raum's error was not exposed until January 7 of this year, after 321,000 cases had been adjudicated. "Fidelity to the Government," says Mr. Reynolds, "and equal justice to those soldiers whose claims were not adjudicated January 7, 1893, demanded that there should not be one construction of the law for 321,000 pensioners and another for the remainder whose pensions were unadjudicated." "No re-examination," Mr. Reynolds goes on, "has been ordered of the 70,000 claims of widows, minors, and dependent relatives pensioned under the same act [that of 1890], nor of the 621,000 claims allowed under prior laws for disabilities contracted in the service." A letter of similar import has been written by Pension Commissioner Lochren to the editor of the "National Tribune." After speaking of the revision of the list of pensions granted under the act of 1890, the Commissioner says: "All pensions granted under former laws are presumed to have been properly granted, and they are not being re-examined, except on information showing fraud in some particular case. . . . I did not hesitate to commit the work to a Board of Revision whose ability fitted them for it, though most of them, including their chief, are Republicans." The spirit of both of these letters, as well as their statements, indicates that the revision of the pension lists that is going on is one which will make the pension roll more nearly a roll of honor. Indeed, the deserving pensioners of the country would be the chief gainers if the pension rolls in every district were made public and the doubtful cases subjected to re-examination.

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The outcome of Sunday opening at the World's Fair would be ludicrous if it were not pitiable. The Directors, having at the outset been unwilling to adopt the honorable alternative of either refusing outright the Government's appropriation or accepting with it the condition attached—namely, that the Fair should be closed on Sundays—appealed to the courts to aid them. They gained their point, but they have become so enmeshed in the toils of the law that now, when Directors, exhibitors, stockholders, and general public are all agreed upon the expediency of closing the Fair on Sundays, no legal way can be found to do it. Last Sunday there were about sixteen thousand visitors at the Fair, the Sunday before about eighteen thousand; with the exception of the side-shows and money-making schemes of all kinds, the place was all but deserted; a large proportion of the exhibits were covered up; there were no religious services. For closing the gates on one Sunday the Directors have been fined heavily. The present injunction was issued in a suit brought by Mr. Clingman, as a stockholder of the Fair and a citizen of Chicago, to prevent the closing of Jackson Park on Sundays It is a permanent injunction, removable only after

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an appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court. The sympathies of the public for the Directors in their predicament would be stronger were it not clear that their action both in formerly opening and now in trying to close the Fair on Sundays has been based solely on reasons of possible profit and expediency, not on principle. That Sunday opening has proved such a dismal failure has been in large part due to the exhibitors, who have very generally refused to make their employees labor seven days in the week; as soon as it became known that only part of the exhibition could be seen on Sundays the general public stayed away. We hear nothing nowadays of the crowds of angry workmen threatening to break in the gates if they were not opened on Sunday. Neither do we hear many assertions of the likelihood of the Government appropriation being returned. Financially the World's Fair is, naturally, suffering from the general business depression. The Chicago "Tribune" states that it is generally conceded that the five and a half million dollars subscribed by stockholders and the five million dollars subscribed by the city will not be repaid, and that some part even of the bonded indebtedness will not be covered by the receipts. This deficiency of over ten millions must, it adds, be charged up to the account of local pride and patriotism. We have no doubt that Chicago is amply able and willing to pay for the World's Fair, and that it will, in one way or another, receive a good return for its liberality. And we cannot repeat too often that, despite mistakes in management, the Chicago World's Fair has been and is in itself a splendid success. We have yet to see or hear of a single person who has visited it who regrets that he did so.

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There is no likelihood of a cholera panic in this country. The excitement of last year was in large measure unreasoning, and the experience then gained will have its due effect in the future. The history of the present summer as regards the epidemic in Europe is eminently instructive. As was predicted last autumn by scientists, cholera has appeared in many places, in France and Italy as well as in Russia, and in the great majority of instances it has been quickly suppressed. The few places where it has spread and has gained such a foothold as to make it seriously dangerous have been cities where the sanitary conditions have been wretched. This is notably true of Naples and Marseilles. The authorities of both places have attempted to deceive the public as to the spread of the disease, although Russia had set them a good example in this respect. Naturally, they only succeeded in postponing the revelations for a short time, and in making themselves justly unpopular. It is now known that there have been about six hundred deaths from cholera in Marseilles this summer, while Naples is having from fifty to a hundred new cases of the disease every day, and many thousands of people have left the city. Both towns are notorious for their lack of proper drainage facilities and for the filthy state of the quarters inhabited by the very poor. In Rome also there have been a few deaths from cholera. The general condition in southern Europe is certainly serious enough to call for the closest possible watch on emigration to this country from that quarter. The New York Health Office claims to be ready to deal with any emergency that may spring up. An Italian immigrant vessel was detained at Quarantine last week on account of three suspicious deaths during the voyage, but no signs of the existence of the dreaded disease have yet appeared among the passengers. It is quite possible that single cases may break out in the vessels coming to New York from Italian ports, but even if that should happen there would be no reason whatever for alarm on the part of the general public. As we have said before, it is an established scientific fact that cholera will not spread in epidemic form in places which have clean streets, pure water, and sound systems of drainage. It is to these points that the vigilance of the public should be directed.

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The elections which are on the eve of taking place in France are of unusual political importance, not only because the representatives to the new Chamber of Deputies will have in their hands the election of the President, but because of the effect of the elections on important commercial and industrial legislation in the future. The aspect of affairs has changed greatly within the last two weeks. The quarrel with Siam, indefensible as it seems from the moral standpoint, has been politically almost the saving of the party at present in power. It could not have happened at an apter time to neutralize the hostile influence of the Panama scandal and of the recent riots. M. Develle, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has managed the matter with great firmness and adroitness. Although France was in a measure forced by Great Britain to recede from her position, it still remains clear to the Parisian mind that France has acquired an immense tract of territory without bloodshed or great expenditure. That this territory is not morally or legally hers will probably have little weight with the common people. The examples set by Great Britain and the other Powers in time past are too numerous to make the French politicians over-particular about ethical principles. President Carnot's administration and the Moderate|Republicans will benefit immensely from the success of an enterprise which, if it had failed, might have been their political ruin. The position of affairs in Siam is not materially different from that noted last week; the blockade has been removed, and the further demands of France have been accepted. These demands include the occupying by the French of the river and port of Chantibun until the Siamese shall have withdrawn from the left bank of the Mekong River; they also include a prohibition against Siam's maintaining military forces in certain localities, or keeping war-ships on the Mekong River—all this, as is almost humorously stated in M. Develle's note, "for the purpose of continuing the good relations happily re-established between France and Siam." London papers affirm that France has accepted the principle of allowing a neutral zone, or "buffer," between French and British territory. Thus some portion of the land which France has unrighteously seized from Siam may be relinquished, not from motives of justice or mercy, but to maintain friendly relations with England.

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The tardiness with which the English Government has taken action in regard to the existing depression in agriculture is an illustration of the difficulty, in the present condition of English politics, of making any headway with a movement, however important, which does not command votes in the House of Commons, and votes which are necessary to the existence of the Government. All last winter there was carried on among English farmers an agitation which was absolutely unprecedented. In years gone by there had been complaints of agricultural depression from the eastern and southeastern counties; but last winter these complaints were no longer confined to any one section of the country. They were general, and in almost every county in which farming is carried on at all extensively there were meetings for the discussion of remedies. Numerous appeals were made to Parliament, and it was expected that as soon as the session com-

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menced the Government would take some prompt action in regard to the matter. But Home Rule blocked the way; and for a long time it looked as though no action at all would be taken by the Government. In Wales, however, the small farmers are mostly Radicals. Wales has twenty-eight Radical Members in the House of Commons, who work and vote almost as a unit; and, as the result of the extreme pressure from this group of Members—to whom the land question is one of first importance—a commission was appointed about two months ago to inquire into the systems of land tenure, and generally as to the relations of landlords and tenants in Wales. This commission is now half-way through with its work; but as the terms of its reference confine its investigations to Wales, there has been a fear among the English farmers, who have few spokesmen on the Government benches in the House of Commons, that the English side of the agitation was to go altogether unheeded. The extraordinary drought of the last three months, however, has served to bring the whole question of agricultural depression again before the country, and the Government has now appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the question. This means that nothing can be done for the farmers until next session. The main object of the Commission will be to ascertain the actual shortcomings of the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883—a measure passed in the interest of the tenant farmers, but which admittedly has been a failure—and to pave the way for some amending legislation which shall give the tenants what they have been demanding with great persistency during the last nine months—"Fair Rent, Fixity of Tenure, and Free Sale of Tenant's Improvements." Lord Winchilsea's movement for a return to protection has obtained no support from the general body of English tenant farmers, who realize to the full the truth of the late Lord Derby's declaration, at the time the Winchilsea movement was put on foot, "that a return to protective duties in a country like England is a mere impossibility, and not worth serious discussion."

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The political condition of affairs in South America continues to be turbulent. The revolution of the Leonists in Nicaragua has ended in the negotiation of a treaty of peace and the restoration of General Zavala to power. The most important news from South America for the week is of a revolution in three of the provinces of Argentine. The insurgents have captured many towns in these provinces—Buenos Ayres, San Luis, and Santa Fé. The Argentine Government declares that the insurrection is purely a local one, and that the national authority is not attacked in these provinces. The fact is, however, that the movement is intended to do away with the local remnant of the bad government of President Celman, who was driven out of power by the revolution of 1890, but whose appointees are still at the head of affairs in these three provinces. These appointees were maintained by Celman's successor, Pellegrini, who was Vice-President under Celman, and the choice of whom as President failed to give satisfaction to many of the radicals in the country. The disturbed financial condition of Argentine has much to do with the political uncertainty, although the past year has seen a very large increase in exports and imports, as well as in the revenue from taxation.——From Costa Rica a financial panic is reported.

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GENERAL NEWS.—From Samoa the latest news (which comes by way of San Francisco) records the end of the rebellion of Mataafa; hostilities had broken out between the two factions, and a battle had resulted in the victory of Malietoa; Mataafa had retreated to an island, and there he surrendered to the Consuls of England and Germany, who threatened to bombard the island if he prolonged the struggle further.——The war between Dahomey and France is not over, as has been supposed; King Behanzin is still at the head of armed resistance; and another campaign against him on the part of the French troops, led by General Dodds, will be necessary in the fall.——The International Socialists' Congress opened at Zurich, Switzerland, on August 6.——It is expected that President Cleveland will send a special message to Congress in its extra session in regard to the Hawaiian question.——In Paris Norton and Ducret, who were accused of forging documents implicating French officials in a treasonable correspondence with England, have been convicted; Norton has confessed that the documents alluded to were forgeries.——It is said that the closing of mills at Fall River, Mass., on account of the present financial depression, involves the stopping of about 700,000 spindles; many factories in other parts of the country have been obliged to close also.——Dr. McGlynn last Sunday celebrated mass for the first time since his restoration to priestly functions by Monsignor Satolli.——The report stage of the Home Rule Bill has begun in the House of Commons; three Conservative amendments have been rejected.——Alfred B. Starey, for the last seven years editor of "Harper's Young People," died at St. Luke's Hospital in this city on Monday of this week.

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The Real Conflict

The recently reported action of an ecclesiastical assembly in Canada, appointing a committee to consider what can be done to secure the appointment of teachers in the colleges and schools who are in sympathy with the theological teaching of the Church, emphasizes the discrepancy between the philosophy of the pulpits and that of the educational institutions. The attempt has been often made by the ecclesiastics to compel the schools to adopt the Church philosophy; how would it be to try the experiment of adapting the philosophy of the Church to that of the schools?

A young man grows up in his village home without any systematic instruction in either theology or the Bible. Catechetical instruction is now comparatively unknown; his minister is not a teacher of systematic theology, but a preacher of practical religion; and the prevalent method of Sunday-school teaching, conducted too often by ill-instructed teachers, unaided by any system of normal instruction, and even in the adult Bible classes and the teachers' meetings evading questions rather than solving them, has left him with a very fragmentary knowledge of the Bible, and with no habit of discriminating between poetry and philosophy, fiction and fact, legend and history, in that marvelous collection of Hebrew literature. He has constructed a quasi philosophy of life for himself. According to this childlike theology, the world was made, as a house is made by a builder, in six days—though the young man has perhaps a vague idea that the "days" were epochs. The sun and moon and stars were made as luminaries for the earth. Upon it everything was peaceful, and life unbroken. When the house was finished, to wit, about six thousand years ago, God fashioned a man out of clay, as a sculptor fashions an image, and breathed life into him. This man and his companion were put into a garden fenced off from the rest

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of the world. They were given only one command, and broke it at the first opportunity, and, as a penalty, were turned out into the wilderness to shift for themselves. Their descendants grew worse and worse, until at last God swept them all off the world by a deluge, and began again. This time he selected one family and its descendants for his peculiar care, leaving the rest of humankind to its own ways of superstition, ignorance, and sin. In one little province, about the size of Vermont, he showed himself; to all the rest of the world he was hid. To some forty or fifty prophets, during a period of fifteen hundred or two thousand years, he spoke; to all the rest of humankind he was silent. To these prophets, and to this people, he promised a Deliverer and a deliverance. The Deliverer has come, and the deliverance is conditioned upon believing certain truths about him, such as his divinity and his sacrificial atonement. They who believe these truths, which have now been formulated in the creeds of the churches, will be, after death, transported to a land of eternal bliss; those who have never heard of the Deliverer, and those who do not believe what the Church has formulated in its creeds about him, are doomed to eternal death: but what eternal death means the young man is not quite clear.

We do not say that this system of theology is taught in any pulpit, or by any Church, in this crude form; but we do affirm, not as a fanciful theory, but as a sorrowful fact, attested by many an interview with earnest young men and women, at schools and colleges, that this, or something very like this, is the system of theology which young men and women are making for themselves, because they are not getting, at home, in Sunday-school, or from the Church, any better system.

The young man begins a course of study; and his new learning impinges on his old creed at every point. Geology teaches him that the world began in a nebulous condition, and grew to its present condition through long ages of time, under the operation of just such laws and forces as are operating to-day. Philology and anthropology teach him that the race of man has been on the earth many thousands of years before the earliest date which any possible Biblical chronology can allow for the date of Adam's creation. Embryology teaches him that each individual man comes through successive stages of lower animal creation before he becomes a man; zoölogy and comparative physiology teach him that it is probable that the race, as a race, came similarly, by a process of normal and natural growth, from a lower animal order. He finds that the earth is a graveyard; and the bones of extinct species demonstrate that death was in the world ages before the supposed date of the entrance of sin by Adam's fall. In his college museum are Assyrian tablets, of a far greater antiquity than the days of Moses, containing, in a different form, the stories of creation, fall, and deluge which he has been allowed to suppose were supernaturally revealed to Moses. The study of comparative religions shows him, in the precepts of Confucius, the teachings of Siddartha, the philosophy of Socrates, and the maxims of the Stoics, the ethical principles which are embodied in the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, and the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Moral philosophy teaches him that these fundamental laws of the moral life are written in the constitution of man, are a part of his nature, are therefore not dependent for their sanction on a mountain aflame and that might not be touched. And when, perplexed by this conflict between the new learning of the schools and the philosophy of perpetual interferences which he at least imagines that he has been taught in the Sunday-school and from the pulpit, he comes back to his minister for aid in readjusting his new learning and his old theology, it is an even chance that he is told that evolution is atheistic, and that if he wishes to be saved he must believe that man has been only six thousand years on the earth, that death entered the world through Adam's fall, that the stories of creation, fall, and deluge are revelations, and that man is a new and special creation having no relation to what went before. Possibly even the minister goes further and tells him that the men who have opened to him this new world are prophets of irreligion and should be turned out of their chairs for their teaching. In short, he is practically told that if he would save his religion he must sacrifice his intellect. Now, to sacrifice one's intellect is to sacrifice truth; and this the earnest and conscientious seeker after truth will not do. And he is right; he ought not to do it.

Our whole system of education—scientific, literary, historical, philosophic—is founded on evolution. It assumes that life is a growth—each epoch the effect of the preceding and the cause of the succeeding epoch. But the old theology is catastrophic; it assumes that life is a succession of interferences. Science and religion are not inconsistent; but the current science and the current theology are inconsistent. That is, the popular philosophy of the inner life, which underlies pulpit and Sunday-school teaching, is inconsistent with the popular philosophy of the outer life, which underlies substantially all our systems of instruction in school, academy, and college. Probably something is yet to be learned both by the theologian and the scientist; but we believe that the scientist is more nearly right in his philosophy of life than is the theologian; that the theologian has much to learn from the scientist; and that if our religious teachers wish to commend their Christian faith, intellectually, to the thoughtful men and women in the community, they must frankly accept evolution as the clue to life, and must recast their theology into an evolutionary form. In brief, they must recognize growth, rather than manufacture, as the universal law, alike of the inner and the outer life, the spiritual experience and the material habitation.

An Industrial Struggle

In its extent and ramifications, the labor dispute which is now paralyzing the English coal trade is unexampled in the industrial history of that country. Like the stoppage in the Lancashire cotton trade which extended over the closing months of last year and well on into the spring of the present year, it is not a strike, in the usual acceptance of the term. It is a lockout. The coal-owners in the counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, North Staffordshire, and Somersetshire, who are of the Employers' Association, gave their men two weeks' notice of a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in wages. The reduction was to be accepted or the mines to be closed. The men in all these counties are members of unions which are affiliated with the Miners' Federation. At each colliery, in each county, a ballot was taken as to the acceptance or non-acceptance of the employers' proposal, and the vote was overwhelmingly against accepting not only the twenty-five per cent. reduction, but any reduction, no matter how small. How nearly unanimous the decision was is shown by the fact that in Nottinghamshire 14,084 votes were recorded against the masters' proposal, and only 32 in favor of it; while in the neighboring county of Derbyshire, out of 35,000 miners who filled up the ballot-papers, less than 100 were in favor of accepting the masters' terms. A conference at Bir-

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mingham followed these ballots, and it was decided that the men should cease work at the expiration of the notices given by the employers terminating contracts. As a result of this, about 270,000 coal-miners are now idle, and the effect of their cessation of work is quickly making itself felt in the iron and chemical trades, and daily augmenting the huge industrial army which is unemployed as the consequence of the stoppage of work at the collieries.

The British coal trade divides itself into four great fields: the Midland, the area of the present trouble; the South Wales district; the district which includes the great mining counties of Durham and Northumberland; and the Lanarkshire coal-field in Scotland. In the Midlands, all the miners' unions are affiliated with the Miners' Federation, and the men are paid on the Federation scale. In Durham and Northumberland the miners are also affiliated with the Federation; but their connection with it is of quite recent date, and was brought about within a few months after the miners in those counties had submitted to heavy reductions in wages. In South Wales and Scotland the miners have only their local unions.

The case for the coal-owners in the Midlands is that they are compelled to insist on a twenty-five per cent. reduction for two reasons. First, on the general ground that trade is depressed all over England; and in the second place, that the lower wages paid in the non-Federation districts make it impossible for them to continue the Federation rate of wages and successfully compete in the market with the coal-owners of Wales and the North of England. The Midland masters affirm that they are daily losing large contracts owing to the difference in the prevailing rates of wages, and that there must be a reduction, or they will be forced to surrender a large portion of their trade.

Both Mr. Benjamin Pickard and Mr. Samuel Woods, who are respectively President and Vice-President of the Miners' Federation, are moderate men. They are both Members of the House of Commons, and hold high positions in the labor world. In the case for the Federation which they put forward, they concede that trade is bad; but they deny the assertion of the coal-owners that contracts are going outside the Midlands to districts where the non-Federation rates of wages are in force. They do not deny that some of the coal-owners in the Midlands have renewed contracts at reduced rates. They insist, however, that these reductions are owing to intense competition among the coal-owners themselves—a competition which puts them entirely at the mercy of the buyers of coal for the great railway companies, for the gas undertakings, for the iron companies, and for the two great trusts which now control the chemical trade of Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales.

The Federation leaders admit that the coal-owners may have been and are still being "squeezed" by these great consumers; but they urge that if the Coal-Owners' Association is strong enough to put itself in antagonism to the Miners' Federation, it ought to be strong enough to protect its members from what they characterize as the rapacity of the great consumers; and they object to these consumers fixing the prices of coal for themselves, to the colliery masters accepting their terms and then turning upon the miners and telling them that the effect of the reductions in price thus brought about must fall upon the men. Another assertion on the part of the owners is admitted by the men. This is that wages in the Federation district have been advanced since 1888. The men concede this, and insist that it is the aim of the Federation to keep up wages, and that, as the result of its work, wages are now, for the first time for many years past, at a living level, and that there is to be no leveling down from the present point without a struggle on their part.

The coal-owners have chosen their time well. For months past thousands of the miners have been working only three or four days a week, and earning wages which in amount little exceeded those of unskilled labor. On the Lancashire coal-field wages have not averaged more than eighteen or twenty shillings per week. The miners are, therefore, ill prepared for a long struggle.

Training for Leadership

Leadership is recognized as a great quality of character, but it is commonly regarded as being the possession of a few persons exceptionally gifted by nature and born to be kings among men. The average man or woman does not even aspire to it, so unattainable does it seem. Leadership is, however, quite as much a matter of character as of mind, and the qualities which produce it may be developed by education quite as readily and distinctly as any other human qualities. Some men are born to be leaders by reason of innate energy and force of will and intellect; other men become leaders by training themselves to the habits of leadership. This kind of training ought to be sought after by all men and women. For the qualities of leadership are the very things which enrich society by new and personal contributions to its capital of ideas and character. A life that is blameless along conventional lines has its value, but a life that adds to its blamelessness the inspiration of a deep faith and of a noble ideal is a positive and not a negative force in the world. To be a leader is to stir men from their inertia and to contribute to the progressive rather than to the stationary element in life. To be a leader is to make other men's lives more endurable, burdens lighter, faith surer, joy fuller; for the leader is the one who steps in advance of the throng, and who, by that very act, becomes the hope of the uncertain and the courage of the weak. When a man is able to enact in his own experience the magnificent valor expressed in Browning's "Prospice," he reinforces the consciousness of immortality in a thousand human souls. When a man takes hold of life with such vigor of grasp and lives it with such unswerving faith in the ideas which control him that he becomes a leader, he makes life greater and richer and easier to a countless host of others less self-reliant. The first quality of leadership is faith—a possession not confined to men of gift or women of grace, but offered to the whole human race, and to be acquired or lost in direct relation to one's use of it. To believe greatly in God, or in those great ideas of life which are the thoughts of God about man, is to detach one's self at once from the throng, and to stand apart as a leader. Faith brings courage, self-reliance, independence. If it be large enough, it develops sympathy, and sympathy passes on into love. The leadership of such a man as Phillips Brooks, the tidal influence of which is not yet measured or recorded, was born of this great faith in God and man. There was no self-assertion about it, no assumption of the possession of special qualities or of marked ability. It was simply the surrender of the man's whole nature to the great ideas which he accepted, and the subordination of all his faculties and forces to the illustration and exposition of those ideas. There is a certain quality of heroism in such a life, and its range and greatness are possible only to one who possesses equal elevation of character and greatness of mind; but, in a degree, every aspiring man and woman may share it.

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The Mansfield House Settlement

By Percey Alden

MANSFIELD HOUSE, the youngest of the University Settlements in East London, owes its origin in the first place to the feeling of the students at Mansfield College that the cry of "Back to Christ!" means something more than a desire to return to the basic and fundamental truths of theology as taught by Christ—that it means a return also to the methods and the life of Christ himself. There was and is still a growing conviction, gathering intensity every moment, that the churches must either do as Christ did, no matter at what sacrifice, or stand forever discredited as representing him. It will not do to pay others to love the poor for you: to love by proxy is to lose sight of the individual responsibility which exists though ostrich-like we refuse to see it. Indirectly, Mansfield House is an outcome of the age, like all the Settlements both in England and America—of the sense of the solidarity of the nation and the people, the regarding of society as an organism, the uprising spirit of brotherhood which found expression in the lives of Maurice, Arnold Toynbee, Edward Denison, Charles Kingsley, and the late Professor T. H. Green. Such men have no option as to what they shall do. God calls them to sink their own lives in the lives of their poorer brethren, and they must needs obey.

Three years ago Mansfield House had not even a "local habitation and a name." To-day it numbers its members by thousands, and perhaps is as great an influence as any Settlement in East London. This is largely due to the fact that its situation gives it very special advantages. The district has a population which is much more homogeneous, and therefore hopeful, than is to be found in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green. The Settlement is situated just outside the metropolitan area proper, and though there is no break in the line of houses from the city to Canning Town, yet, after crossing the River Lea, you are beyond the jurisdiction of the London Common Council, and under the government of the Council of West Ham, which borough has a population of 215,000.

Mansfield House is the center around which some 100,000 people live, the majority of whom are suffering from a lack of any real, pure interest in life. They have few opportunities for innocent and healthful recreation, and innumerable chances of wasting both money and strength in the gin palaces and saloons that abound everywhere. Planted down hurriedly and carelessly upon marsh-land that is fifteen feet below Trinity high-water mark, the small, badly constructed houses of five small rooms, in which two families live, and the miles of monotonous bricks and mortar unrelieved by any foliage, are most depressing—and all this where thirty years ago it was possible to shoot wild fowl. The docks—East India, Albert, and Victoria—give a picturesque touch to the place, but, unfortunately, they also imply thousands of casual laborers, and the equivalent of casual work is starvation, misery, and degradation. The workingmen, notwithstanding the large "docking" element, are for the most part of a sturdy, independent type, hard-working and plain-speaking. As a result of this, and the comparative homogeneity of population, it has been found possible to unite and organize both men and women for the work of social reform.

Mansfield House claims to have a religious, though unsectarian, basis, and, very naturally, a religious meeting served as an introduction to all its subsequent undertakings. This was held on Sunday afternoons, in the Congregational church which is still its home. Commencing with thirty or forty, it grew rapidly, and now numbers some five hundred men as earnest, thoughtful, and independent as could be desired. It has taught these sturdy artisans, many of whom were actively opposed at one time to all religious teaching—

1. That the distinction between the sacred and the secular is a false one.

2. That the Bible is not a book to be used merely for keeping the poor in order.

3. That Christ did not come to save disembodied spirits, but men and women. "Religion," it has been said, "is not a thing of the stars, but of the streets."

4. That he came to save the nation as well as the individual man; and that all have their share of responsibility.

It is now an understood thing with us that no amount of profession is of any use without action; and that, while reform begins at home, it does not stop there, but must be extended to the municipality and the State through the effort of individual citizens. This will explain, perhaps, the great success of our work in the sphere of what Professor Bryce has called "pure politics." Mansfield House may, without ostentatious boasting, be said to have played a large part in the education of the civic conscience. Since religion enters into every part of a man's life, nothing must be neglected which may contribute to the welfare of the community. This feeling has taken practical shape in the Brotherhood Society, with its motto "God and the People," and its pledge which all members take: "I, ——, hereby pledge myself to the service of humanity in the spirit of Jesus"—a somewhat vague promise, it may be said; but we prevent it from being vague by providing the outlet for this humanitarian energy in various committees and forms of service. The committees meet fortnightly, and are as follows: Public Health, Temperance, Visiting, Municipal, School Board, Poor Law or Guardians.

Percey Alden,
Warden of Mansfield College Settlement.

An immense amount of good work has been done on all these committees, the main thing being to apply and enforce existing legislation. On the Public Health Committee, *e. g.*, information has been laid before the proper authorities of instances of unsanitary dwellings, overcrowding, sweating, jerry-building, unhealthy occupation, until at last we are hated by wrong-doers and regarded as friends and protectors by the poor and the oppressed. We try not to judge hastily or in a partial spirit. Our aim is to hear all sides, get at the truth, and remedy the evil. In order to make the action taken as drastic and far-reaching as possible, Mansfield House has endeavored to get a voice and an influence on the various public bodies of the municipality. The Warden has a seat on the Town Council, Mr. Newland and Mr. Reason are members of the School Board, Miss Cheetham and Mr. T. Warren are on the Board of Guardians to administer the Poor Law. In addition to these direct representatives of Mansfield House, we have assisted in returning many others whom we considered as certain to work for the policy of *pro bono publico*. It will be readily understood that all this could not be accomplished unless a very large number of votes were practically at the disposal of our election committee, and this in itself is sufficient evidence of the hold that the Settlement has upon the people, and the trust that is reposed in it.

The nucleus of all the social life of Mansfield House is the Club, limited to, and numbering, seven hundred members, who have the use of smoking, reading, and games rooms, and a temperance bar. The "Daily Chronicle" has styled the Club "the true social, intellectual, and progressive center of Canning Town," and the truth of this is apparent when one considers that at least two thousand men are affiliated to its various societies. Thousands are also

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influenced by the concerts, entertainments, and lectures given throughout the winter months.

Every Sunday afternoon in the hall the Women's Settlement holds a meeting of some five hundred women, and the same place at night is thronged by working men and women to hear a lecture (followed by discussion, of course) on some religious, social, or scientific question. Repeatedly we have received as a testimonial from our lecturers the praise, "One of the finest audiences in London."

In addition to the Sunday evening lecture, classes are held and lectures given on a variety of subjects during the week. The University Extension lectures are particularly well attended, many of the workingmen entering the examinations at the close and competing for the prizes. One thing that struck me very much was the fact that after a course on astronomy some of the men made their own telescopes for use at night.

Connected with the Club are numerous athletic societies, the largest bicycling club in London, football and cricketing teams, and a gymnasium for men and boys; also a local parliament, modeled on the House of Commons, which numbers four hundred members, and is familiarly known as the "Mansfield House Gas-bag." A society which belongs as much to the whole district as it does to the Club is the Poor Man's Friend and Lawyer. Free advice and help are given by a lawyer and solicitor, the former having come down to live in the neighborhood for the purpose of helping the poor. Over six hundred people were thus assisted last year, and the fame of Mansfield House has gone abroad. As a man once said to me, "If Christianity means a lawyer who don't charge, well, then, there's summut in it!"

Some effort has been made, not altogether unsuccessfully, to help the men who are a grade below our Club life. "He who stoops lowest may find most." A large lodging-house, or "doss-house," as it is called in the East End, provides accommodation for one hundred and ten men who are employed in casual work. Many of these casual dockers, gas-workers, coalies, etc., make the place their permanent abode, and our desire is that it shall gradually become a sort of co-operative home. For a few months, at any rate, I intend to live there myself, and see if an upward trend cannot be given to the existence of these men. There is little of brightness and hope in their lives. Every morning it is the same thing—"on the bald street breaks the blank day," and the uncertainty of work and the monotonous looking for that which never comes fills them with despair. Eventually they become utterly demoralized and degraded.

Space forbids me to dwell on the various agencies such as the Sick Benefit and Loan Societies, the Penny Bank, etc., which have been exceedingly useful in encouraging a healthy thrift and the spirit of brotherhood; but one word should be said respecting the Women's Settlement and the work among children. The Women's Settlement is quite distinct in management and finance, yet there exists between it and Mansfield House an *entente cordiale* such as makes co-operation possible in every department that requires the aid of both. In the Happy Sunday Evenings for Children, Country Holiday Fund, Relief Work, Christmas Entertainments, and a multitude of other matters, we work together, while their nurses and medical mission are always at the disposal of our sick. Like Hull House in Chicago, the Women's Settlement first finds out what the people want, and adapts itself to those needs. Into the manifold arras-work of the sufferings and joys of the poor these noble women weave their own lives, despising none and helping all. It is hardly believable by those who do not live among the poor that almost one hundred thousand children in London go daily to school unfed. At best their meals are scanty and non-sustaining. The children thus grow up without the requisite physical stamina, and all mental exertion becomes a labor and toil instead of a pleasure. To remedy this state of things, Mansfield House has assisted the Congregational church here to enlarge its school-room and its seating capacity, and thus the work of feeding hungry children, already begun by the church, has been largely increased. With the co-operation of the Settlements and the church, dinners were given to about thirty thousand children last winter, at the cost of one halfpenny each.

I do not think I can close this article in a better way than by stating that, as I write these lines, Mansfield House is the center of an unemployed agitation which I hope will have valuable results.

Casual labor and the question of the unemployed—that gangrene of the social body—make London the very "hell of cities." This Niagara of crime, prostitution, and vice, the roar of which can be heard throughout the world, is traceable in its source very largely to *lack* of employment or *casual* employment. While land is going out of cultivation, the people are starving. The residents of Mansfield House think that they are doing only what Christ would have them do in assisting the men, as they literally beg for employment or ask for access to the land apart from which they must slowly but none the less inevitably perish. While we recognize each man as an individual, as a personality with a soul to be saved and a character to be shaped, yet at the same time we labor and work for the day when the conditions of life shall be such as shall encourage and nourish the pure and holy thought, the sane and cleanly life. Justice must be done to the people in order that upon the foundation of justice may be built the new London—the new England—where love shall be the spontaneous outflow of the heart and brotherhood the universal bond.

Canning Town, East London.

Industrial America

III.—Southern Farmers in Politics[1]

From a Staff Correspondent

There is no chance of a new sectionalism. In Congress an apparent sectionalism may become sharply defined, and members from the West and South vote solidly against members from the East and North. Yet among their constituents there will be no such lines. City people in the South hold views almost identical with those of city people in the North. Bankers in Colorado, even, feel not the slightest antagonism toward bankers in New York. The creed of creditors is everywhere the same. The lines of division among the people are the lines of class and occupation. Congressmen seem to vote by sections merely because certain classes and occupations are in the ascendant in the South and West, while others are in the ascendant in the East and North. In the South the farmers alone—not including the tradesmen and mechanics directly dependent upon them—outnumber the rest of the community. Congressmen, therefore, must reflect their sentiments, no matter how violently their city constituents may protest.

There is, however, one important difference between urban opinion in the South and urban opinion in the East. If you talk with an Eastern banker, you will find, for example, that he knows all about the silver question. If you talk with a Southern banker, he will often tell you frankly that he does not understand the question. Many of the merchants in the South accepted in good faith the Democratic plank demanding a return to the State banking system. If they fail to secure "more money" through this source, not a few of them will join the demand of the farmers for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Yet the astonishing thing among these merchants is the rarity of men who pretend to have definite opinions upon the question now uppermost in American politics.

Among the farmers there is no such uncertainty. Since the Farmers' Alliance sprang into existence four years ago, its members have been discussing politics continually, and have usually an economic creed as well defined as that of Eastern financiers. A Methodist minister of wide experience once told me that his country congregations were far better theologians than his city congregations. He did not

[1] The previous articles of this series will be found in the numbers of The Outlook dated July 8 and July 29.

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mean by this that his country congregations came nearer having his own views in theology, for he was a decided liberal, while his country congregations were apt to be as decidedly conservative. What he meant was that country people did a great deal more thinking about theology than city people. Whether or not this is true concerning theology, there can be no question that country people have been doing a great deal more thinking than city people concerning politics. The weekly papers they read are as full of economics as our daily papers are of sporting news and crime. It is the one secular subject upon which they either read, think, or talk. On most political subjects they know the conservative arguments, but have gradually come to take the radical positions of the People's party or the Prohibitionists. Having formed their opinions in this way, not even a party leader who has their confidence as Mr. Cleveland has it is able to shake them in a perceptible degree. A member of the Democratic State Committee of North Carolina did tell me, it is true, of two prominent Alliance farmers who had renounced free coinage because, as they expressed it, they "had just that much confidence in old Cleveland." But I certainly met no Alliance farmer of this description. Most of those whom I met regarded the free coinage of silver as merely "a first step." Every farmer I talked with believed in greenbacks, and most of them believed in the sub-treasury system and two per cent. loans on land mortgages.

It was, however, somewhat encouraging to hear how most of the Alliance farmers defended the two per cent. money planks in their platform. Every one of them would take as his basis the proposition that the Government ought to do as much for the farmers as for the bankers, and point out that the Government had for years lent money to the National bankers, not at two per cent., but at one. The money of the Nation, they urge, ought not to be issued to a special class, but ought to be given out directly to any citizen who is able to furnish adequate security. It is impossible for those who defend any of the plans by which it is proposed that either National or State banks shall furnish the paper money of the country to make any headway in combating these opinions. The Alliance farmers have been over the question again and again, and are inflexibly opposed to any scheme by which money shall be issued to bankers on any other terms than it is issued to landowners. They have, however, gone no further than this. When asked whether they were in favor of reducing the rents of land and houses to two per cent., they generally said that they were not. When asked whether any one would sell a $10,000 house that is yielding six per cent. for $10,000 of the land-loan money that can yield but two per cent., they admit that no one would. Most of them seemed ready to admit that the land-loan plan might result in such an over-issue of money as would make it worth only one-third as much as money now is, and only a few radicals like the editor of the Charlotte "Revolution" justified such a policy. Most of the Alliance men simply demanded such an issue of silver and paper money as would take away from the creditor classes the advantages given them through the demonetization of silver and the wholesale retirement of greenbacks. They claim to wish that the debts of the country shall be paid in money as valuable as that in which these debts were contracted. Many of the Populists will tell you, laughingly, that they have no idea of ever getting all that their platform demands, but that they have supported extreme demands in order to secure something like reasonable concessions.

The terms Populists and Alliance men are nearly interchangeable. Indeed, the Farmers' Alliance is coming to differ from the People's party only as a judge differs from himself when he puts on his robes of office. The man is the same, and his opinions are the same. He is simply under a little greater constraint as regards expression. State Lecturer Walker, in Georgia, told me that, as he went about over the State addressing the sub-Alliances, he never mentioned the People's party, but his lectures were always upon the demands of the Ocala platform, and these were identical with the demands of the People's party. Every loyal Alliance man is a Populist in political principle, and it is increasingly difficult to prevent his voting as he thinks. When the Alliance started, it was not a political organization. The members were united only by their sense that the farmers were being driven to the wall. There was no agreement as to what ought to be done. Gradually, however, the members came to agree upon a definite political programme, and the great work of the Alliance has come to be the agitation of this programme. The organization continues to buy for its members agricultural implements, seeds, fertilizers, etc., but the conducting of Alliance stores carrying a general line of goods has been abandoned, except here and there. In South Carolina the Alliance publishes a State paper, "The Cotton Plant," which keeps before the people the prices at which all staple supplies can be had through the State agency. Last year this agency did a profitable business, amounting to $150,000, but the chief service it rendered was through familiarizing farmers with manufacturers' prices. When the farmers knew what those prices were, the local dealers were obliged to sell to them at substantially the same rate as the Alliance agency offered. In the matter of machinery the reduction of prices effected often amounts to nearly thirty per cent., for the State agency can bunch orders and buy at even better terms than local dealers. In dry goods, however, the Alliance has been able to do but little for its members. For such business it is necessary to carry a large stock within shopping distance of the consumers, and the Alliance could not conduct it without tying up an immense amount of capital, and leaving too much to the discretion of untrained agents. For these reasons the Alliance no longer makes war upon local merchants, while the latter have learned to accept a small margin of profits upon all staple goods, such as the State agency could handle. The business features of the Alliance, therefore, have come to absorb less and less attention, while the growth of the anti-monopoly sentiment throughout the country has given to its political features a larger and larger importance. Partially because of this earlier war between the farmers and the merchants, the cities are decidedly hostile, not only to the Alliance, but to the People's party. In the first Southern cities I visited I met no Populist who was not an Alliance official. It is true that the workingmen in Charlotte had no enthusiasm for the Democratic party. One old spinner in the cotton mills told me that a group of his fellow-workmen now got together every Sunday morning and read the Populist papers. "I can't read myself any more than a pig," he said, "but some of the others can, and we all talk things over." This type of discontent means that in the future the city laborers are likely to make common cause with the farmers; but in the last campaign the People's party vote came almost exclusively from the farmers.

There was one exception to this rule. When I reached Augusta, Georgia, I was surprised to find that the conductor and motor-man on my electric car were in such active sympathy with the People's Party as to regard "Tom" Watson as the greatest man in their State, if not in the South. I was then on my way to the little town of Thomson to see Mr. Watson, but it had not occurred to me before that the city of Augusta could possibly be in his district. I knew of Mr. Watson as the Congressman who had left the Democratic party to join the People's party, and I supposed of course that he would not have dared do this unless he had distinctively a farmer constituency. I found, however, that the city of Augusta was in his district, and that he had made the fight knowing what odds he had against him. These street-car men did not say whether or not they had voted the third party ticket, but did say that there were thousands of men in Augusta who were ready to vote any ticket if they could prevent a repetition of the frauds by which the Democrats had beaten Tom Watson. Fraudulent voting on a large scale, they said, had been begun at Augusta in the local option election about a year before, and in the Congressional election all the frauds of the liquor campaign were doubled and quadrupled to defeat the Populists. Negroes, instead of being debarred from voting, were voted at one polling-place after

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another, until the city of less than 40,000 people had polled a vote of nearly 14,000. In other words, there were four thousand more votes counted than could possibly have been cast by legitimate voters.

What I heard of the campaign during the few hours I was in Augusta greatly increased my interest in meeting Mr. Watson. When I reached Thomson my interest was still further increased by the bitterness with which my hotel proprietor spoke of him. The town, I soon found, had been torn in two by the campaign, so that Democrats boycotted Populists and Populists boycotted Democrats. The lapse of eight months had somewhat allayed the feeling, but had not removed it. Of the private character and ability of Mr. Watson every one spoke in the highest terms, but of the People's party the Democrats generally spoke with such bitterness as Northern Republicans have rarely shown toward Prohibition seceders. When I had talked with Mr. Watson for a little while, I understood how he had been able to make his marvelous campaign. His manner of talking was far from being oratorical, yet as I talked with him I found myself thrilled as I have rarely or never been by a political orator. The People's party movement is to Mr. Watson a part of his Christianity, and this was so unmistakable that it did not seem to me at all strange when one Democratic storekeeper afterwards told me that the negroes had a kind of "voodoo worship" for Mr. Watson, and another told me that "some of the people around here look upon Watson as a 'second-comer.'" Mr. Watson, it may be said, conducted the first campaign in the South in which the white people had it preached to them that the negroes should be protected in their full rights of citizenship. "When," he told me, "the white people hold all the land and all the culture, and, as we claim, the superior brains, it is ignominy for us to cry that there will be negro domination if the negroes are given the same chances as ourselves." In the campaign the negroes became convinced that Mr. Watson was making a fight for the poor, and when he appealed to their better emotions in its behalf they followed him with the same unswerving loyalty they had once given to the Republican party. When the Democrats held their great barbecue near Thomson, Mr. Watson was holding a meeting in an open square, with no feast whatever for his listeners, and yet, for the three solid hours that he talked, his great audience of negroes would not stir from their places, though the couriers from the barbecue kept riding up and shouting that the meats were being served. It was a camp-meeting excitement, and "Yes, Lord," would come back from ignorant old men who knew nothing but that their hearts were touched. What is more, this emotional enthusiasm lasted through the campaign and beyond it. Neither threats nor bribes could persuade the negroes of that county to vote against Mr. Watson, and when a fund was afterwards raised to enable him to make a contest before Congress, a great deal of the money came from subscriptions of dimes and half-dollars brought in by the negroes. This working together of negroes and whites in the People's party campaign had its effect upon the Democrats. Before the campaign was over, negro orators were speaking side by side with white orators on Democratic platforms, and the color line was effaced in politics. C. B. S.

How to Reach Men

IV.—Holding Forth the Word of Life

By Prest. Wilbur P. Thirkield, D.D.[1]

"Holding forth the word of life" through the personal life and the message of the preacher who shines as a "light in the world"—this is preaching that reaches the hearts and lives of men.

The essence of Christianity is life in Christ. Life comes alone through life. The preacher must have this life in himself if he would bring life to men. "So much as *in me* is, I am ready to preach the Gospel"—this is the measure of power as well as of disposition. A personality having the divine life in himself, luminous with the very light of God, is in itself the preaching that first reaches men's hearts. It is the life and truth in the man that tells—truth "tipped and winged with the fire of a great personality." It is significant that Marcus Aurelius, in enumerating the forces that had most deeply touched his life and molded his character, names persons alone, not books or the sayings of men. "The greatest school is a man or a woman," says President Eliot. The greatest sermon is the preacher himself. The finest and strongest putting of truth is not in dogma, but in personal life. Hence our Father sent the Christ. Though men explain away his words, they cannot get away from that life.

It is Christ *in* the man that first moves the hearts and lives of men. The preacher must have that quality by which he is "capable of taking into himself, and then distributing through himself to others, some part of the life of God." It is the truth made flesh, breathing on men the breath of life, giving humanity to feel the touch of Christ's hand; truth looking out of men's eyes, uttering itself in tones that are deeper and diviner than human; truth clothed in a living soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, its love: it is then, as George Eliot has suggested, that its presence is a power. Then it shakes us like a passion, and we are drawn after it with a gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

First expressed in the life, this truth of God will find additional expression in the living message of the preacher.

To touch heart and mold life, the preacher must be a messenger of God, and not a mere pulpit machine. It is routine that kills; men talking *about* God and his Word because the formal Sunday hour has come, and they are the spokesmen appointed and fitted into the machinery of the church organization to perform that function and grind out the conventional sermon. The cold, hard clink of the machinery is there. No heart; no life; no power to reach life. The genuine preacher is a messenger who has realized that "My words are spirit, and they are the life;" who has a word of God to speak, that moves his own heart and transfigures his life; a message, fresh from heaven, that is "in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones"—and "I could not stay;" out of the deeps of a living experience he speaks that which he has seen and heard, and his hands have handled of the Word of Life. As he utters the word, men "see the God within him light his face." This is not a dead word, but a living power; God's breath is in it.

"Christ, who is our life," will be the theme of the preacher who would reach the hearts and lives of men. This is the method apostolic. Paul had power to reach men. What did he preach? His commission read, "Christ sent me to preach the Gospel." Threadbare term, this, in the stock phrase of to-day. Mark you, his Gospel was "Christ crucified;" the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Christ, then, not theory or set of doctrines about Christ, is his Gospel; Christ personal, ever living, immanent, as the vital principle of all life. Without doubt or distraction, he sticks to this one message. The powers of a mighty brain and heart are poured into it. Yet in no narrow way. There is history; yes, but all culminates in Christ, the reason and secret of human history. There is doctrine; yes, but even through the closest dogmatic statements the outstretched hand of the Almighty Redeemer is thrust to heal and to save. There is illustration, but it reflects and glorifies the Christ; logic, yes—but along those links of logic, "strong enough to bind a recreant world to God," there leaps the electric fire of love and fervent devotion to Christ; eloquence, too, is there—the passionate outpouring of a heart that breaks forth in broken sentences, sobs, appeals that defy syntax and forget all rhetorical rules.

Christ, as the energy of God through the living preacher and his Gospel message, makes for power. How may this power be brought to bear on the hearts and lives of men? The preacher must have the sense of humanity in him, the *feeling* of man as well as the knowledge of man. He must realize the mystery and sacredness of life. He

[1] Of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

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must come in close heart-touch with life. It was Sir James Mackintosh who said of Wilberforce: "I never knew a man who touched real life at so many points." The secret, this, of his power to reach men. The genuine preacher will be full of what Whitefield called "soul life." The loves, the struggles, the sins, yearnings, tears, compassions, of other men will kindle his own soul. He will come in close heart-to-heart touch with individual men, and not into a sort of official and ministerial relation to man.

This element of sympathy will give an undercurrent of pathos to the message of the preacher. If he would reach hearts, he must keep the fires of sympathy burning on the altar. Paul was no sentimentalist, yet what pathos, what longing and suffering and weeping, quiver in those pathetic words to the Corinthians! What a ministry, that to the Ephesians: "I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." This sympathy the preacher must have —a sympathy that touches the imagination, tempers the judgment, acts on the will, determining relations and directing activities; that flows through the emotional nature out on society with its heartless greed and icy exclusiveness, as a warm and life-giving stream. This sympathetic, undying love for men is the fountain of all eloquence and power to move men. Joseph Parker speaks truly: "Without pathos we can never get that special and indescribable influence which touches all hearts, speaks all languages, and sheds the light of hope upon all lives." The preaching of such a preacher will relate itself to life. His appeal will be to life, and not to the Church or to any form of doctrine, as such. He will hear ringing always through his soul the despairing cry of dying men:

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, diviner, that we want,

and he will bring to them the message of the Life-bringer: "I am come that ye might have life."

To touch men's lives there must be in the preacher and his message the element of integrity, the ring of genuineness. The truth must possess the preacher through and through—"the truth as it is in Jesus." The conviction, "We believe and therefore speak," gives arrows of thought, headed with flame, that strike into the conscience. Such preaching "commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." He will preach on those truths that touch the moral emergencies of life, that throb with destiny. He will sound forth the eternal verities that mean life or death to men. He will waste no time on hypotheses or conjectural doctrines, or on dogmas that, when proved to the satisfaction of the preacher, will elicit from the struggling man in the downright tussle of life, "Well, what of it, anyway?"

These elements of sympathy and integrity will mold the language and form of the message. Every gift of expression will be subordinated to the supreme purpose to hold up Christ—"not with excellency of speech," not with "enticing words of man's wisdom," "lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." The sermon will be used only as a means to an end—the communication of life through the Spirit.

You ask, "What are the methods and form of organization by which the church may carry out its work?". As every individual church presents its own problems, to which methods and form of organization should be adjusted, as means to reach specific ends, my thought is that answer to this question should be expressed only in general terms. Organization means power. But it is not all. While organization may direct life, it cannot create life. You may organize a church to death, but no one has ever seen a church organized to life. The organization of a church spiritually dead may make it look like life and act like life, but it is only the galvanic life of a corpse.

Ezekiel's wheels were without power or movement till it was said, "The spirit of life was in the wheels." The Spirit of Life must be in the wheels of the church. Christ must be the central motor. The problem of organization is simply to distribute life from this center to dying men. Here is an electric plant. Its storage batteries fairly tremble with stored-up power. But it is simply consuming itself, till organization stretches out lines from this center. Then the electric fire leaps forth, and sets suns to blazing on every street-corner; starts wheels to moving, cars to running; touches life with its tremulous and terrific power at a thousand points. The church needs organization, not for the sake of life, but for the distribution of life. If the church is the "body of Christ," it will not stand and look at itself and live for itself. It will send out currents of divine life on a thousand lines. It will be the body of Christ hastening about with glad, swift feet, doing good; it will be the eyes of Christ, looking love and sympathy on all; the ears of Christ, responsive to every wail of distress; the hand of Christ, stretched forth to uplift, to heal, to redeem.

Becalmed

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

With the stillness of an oil-calmed sea, and the glassy beauty of a land-locked pool, the Gloucester Harbor lies spread out before us as under the beating sun. The sail flutters like a weak fledgeling, and will not bear us from the harbor nest.

Whistle for a wind!

Climb the mast with the pin in your hand; for the higher you thrust it into the wood the fairer the breeze. Yonder sailboat on the other side of the harbor has her sails puffed with air. We will woo it our way. See, it visits us, and the sheets tighten, the sail seems to draw a deep breath, the boat quivers, and we are off.

Which way?

Oh, where the wind blows us.

Eastern Point to our left at the harbor's mouth, Norman's Woe to the right.

Sweep close to the bell of the Woe. It is silent now, for there are no waves to shake it awake.

This is a "ladies' sailing day"—sun and kind air and a quiet sea.

Over there, by Eastern Point, the whistling buoy laments inharmoniously—mocked by the boat's crew.

Sweep yet closer to the bell. To cast a coin on its platform when leaving harbor buys a safe return. Here is our tribute flung, and another, but the sea swallows both with a little gulping splash, and the bell stands unbribed.

Eastern Point to our left, Norman's Woe to the right, and now both at our stern. We are at sea, with the harbor behind us, and a "ladies' sailing day" before.

A day to lie in the shadow of the sail, your head resting on that soft, wind-filled pillow, your shoulder pressed against the boom, while you gaze at the Magnolia shore, where the sea stretches out his arms, to hold in their loving hollow Gloucester, beautiful rock-bound Gloucester, in the right arm, and Salem shore, with its spreading pastures, in the left.

On we sweep towards that left arm, to reach it, crossing the ocean's bosom, where Magnolia nestles. From there we catch faint sounds of brazen music which jars, telling as it does of another life which man has made. Nothing should intrude on nature to-day.

On past Manchester-by-the-Sea, and then the sweet pastures of Beverly, sunlit and peaceful to merriment, a softly laughing land, frowned on by the islands of Misery, scowled at by bleak unmusical Baker's Island; yet still smiling Marblehead, over there in the distance, stares at us, disdainfully turning her graceful neck as an arrogant dame might scorn intruders. So on and on down the arm to Salem, and then we have touched the hollow of the hand in greeting. About ship and home!

A fair wind and a setting sun to the left, Baker's Island to the right. Dip, dip, as we go. Curl up your dangling feet from the water, you who sit there on the bow, tiptoeing on the ocean. The breeze freshens, the sun dips with us and is gone, leaving his legacy of color. A flight of birds floats across the sky, wing quivering to wing, an undulating ribbon drawn southward by its center. They cut the air as our bow the water. A pink bursting with purple

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girdles the horizon. The sails in sight purple with it, losing their white or gray.

A yacht coming to anchor fires her small cannon, and the stillness breaks in waves of sound unwarrantably loud in the silence. As if answering to a signal, the red flashing light of Eastern Point bursts into bloom. The white lights of the sister lighthouses of Baker's Island follow.

The world grows stiller and stiller. The very waves seem to lap in a dream. On and on in a silence gathered from nature. Magnolia now to the left, and the world asleep. Even the wind lulls suddenly. The boat slumbers also. Stillness, utter stillness, like a spell. Calm lays its soft hand on the heart of the world, its faint breath flutters, flutters again, and dies.

The red light shines from Eastern Point. The two lights of Baker's Island lie behind, all as fixed as fate. There is no motion save that of the waves rocking the boat. The only sound is from the boom as it bangs its block back and forth on the traveler with a monotonous creaking and rattle.

Darkness has fallen on Magnolia and on its cove. Through the gloom start the red and green lights of a passing yacht, its high topsail catching some breath nearer heaven.

We are still becalmed.

Let the hours pass; at least they are beautiful. The moon is rising red and benignant over the high rocks. The loveliest of nights breaks as a perfect day might break from the horizon. The stars prick the heavens, the moon shines, and the lightest of breaths—a woman might have blown it—holds the sail steady on the traveler. Exquisite silence, the radiance of moon and stars above, a caressing sea beneath—all seem to reek with stillness, the boat their center. These are the powers that hold us, not a negative wind. But see, the breeze blows softly, and, drifting a little, blowing a little, we ride slowly out to sea from the cove's shelter. The wind holds and strengthens. The smothered world wakes, and with it the boat. Point her for Gloucester! Push through the ocean, and once more for home.

What, again becalmed! And not so peacefully as before. The mast points the high moon now, and waiting grows weary, though the hours are no less lovely. Surely this imprisoned restlessness must have power to urge forward. The hours drag and tug at time.

Patience! Patience!

Will it come at call?

No more than the wind comes.

Whistle to the coquettish breeze, sing to her, wait for her, watch for her, woo her. And at last she answers with the wee small hours, answers coquettishly, but comes sighing and blowing the sail before her to Gloucester Harbor. The red light of Eastern Point smiles cordially, now darting far out into the silver night, now hidden wholly, only to flash out jovially again. The wind holds and the boat answers. How soft those stars seem on the horizon's edge; softer than those beating down their brilliancy from above. And the horizon line, how meltingly soft in the moonlight! The line seems nearer, and our world smaller.

Does the moon's power wane?

What is this creeping nearer and nearer, shutting out the horizon stars and dimming closer lights? Fog? Surely the west wind will not bring in fog!

And yet—the stars grow fainter, the red rose of Eastern Point blooms flauntingly crimson beside them. A soft gray, no—a thin white cloud wraps us as softly and solemnly as a dead bride might be wrapped in her gauzy veil.

Above us hangs Cassiopeia's Chair, the moon, and near the moon one piercingly white star. These shine as before, but the lesser lights twinkle feebly. The compelling glow of Eastern Point still shames them all with a blatant yet perhaps more subdued luster than before.

The veil draws closer. Has a fold of its drapery doubled suddenly across our eyes? Is the red light longer than its wont in reappearing? The white veil has a shroud's thickness now. Liquid frost seems to enter the veins—deathly cold.

The tearful moon holds, and near it one piercingly white star. Those two further stars in Cassiopeia's Chair point Gloucester. The shadow of the sail must fall thus for one tack, thus for the other. The whistling buoy, too, moans inharmoniously but unmocked, directing as it best can.

The moon holds steady, and one white star. Cassiopeia's Chair grows dim, and dimmer, and is gone.

Eight minutes on one tack, eight on the next, eight again, all gropingly. How near the breakers roar!

Are those surely the breakers of Eastern Point? May they be the crushing waves off Norman's Woe? Strain your eyes through the fog. Does the buoy wail to the right or the left? The rollers beat on the ear. Is the course lost?

The moon holds steady, the white star is fixed, the shadow of the sail drops where it should. We sail by their teaching. Eight minutes on the next tack—six are gone. Peer out under the sail. Fog, nothing but fog, icy, exquisite, like a dream of death—and then, a blush of carmine on the gray.

Hold up your hand to the candle, and see the ruddy light sift through the corpse-like fingers; all the vital blood seems drawn from them to color that glow. All the vital power of death seems drawn from the mist to enrich the living flood of rose which sifts through its drapery, first as a dawning blush, then a blood-red heart, its rays the arteries. Luminous and warm as a ruby, watchful and glancing as a cat's eye, the red light of Eastern Point opens and takes us in.

About sail sharply and away. Back into the shrouding fog, away from the glow and warmth, and away from the brown rocks on which that light lies more gently than our bow might fall. Eight minutes to the left, and towards the Woe. The next tack may mean Harbor. Now to the right, and the glow again. See it come to meet us, shivering through the mists; and, at our stern, Harbor is made as the false dawn breaks on a white world.

Low rocks, which the sun lit yesterday, now tower shimmeringly above us, Gibraltars. The floats of the fish-nets rise and fall near us—tiny kegs as we sailed out yesterday; to-day, frosty looming hogsheads. Landings we have stepped from rise as ghostly scaffolds. A glorious white bird, mammoth as is all the world, sweeps near us curiously. Nearer, and it is a magic ship, with all its lovely gossamer sails set, and manned by a giant; nearer, and a human voice speaks raspingly from a fishing-sloop steered by an old fisherman.

"Out all night?"

"All night—becalmed off Magnolia."

The sloop is at our stern—a ship again with huge lovely sails, the man a giant. His voice falls back to us faintly through the fog—"Magnolia's Satan's own place for—a—calm."

The sun is a glow of golden haze in the east.

One peachy cloud floats between us and the nearing land. Day breaks, and the dream is done.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued*

"I, when I am grown up, I shall do as I like," said Wendela to herself in French. Not a child that was ever born but has found comfort in those delightful words, since little Cain first muttered them, when his mother ordered him to put on his furs again. Even Abel must have thought them.

"I, when I am grown up, I shall do as I like," said Wendela. Then she added, "without being naughty," and ran away in the wake of her father. She did not, however, follow him into the chapel—a pardonable divergence when it is remembered how frequently she was obliged to accompany the Baroness thither. She branched down a lane which leads to the kitchen-garden and orchards, and, when she got close to the garden wall, she gave a shrill whistle—a most unladylike thing to do. The whistle was answered,

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and a small boy's form loomed out of the darkness, on the top of the wall.

"Are you there, Piet?"

"See I am, Freule."

"Why don't you say 'Wendela,' Piet?"

"'Cause you're twelve now. I told you I should never say 'Wendela' again."

"There! you've said it."

"Never. I told you so on your birthday. You know I did, when I brought you the peaches."

"You stole the peaches, Piet."

"I tell you I didn't. I worked for them with father. I never stole anything in my life. It's mean of you to say that again."

"And I didn't eat them. I wouldn't, 'cause you wouldn't say 'Wanda.' You remember, Piet, I threw them away."

"I know you did. It wasn't nice of you, Freule. I'd worked for them real hard three half-holidays."

"Well, say 'Good-evening, Wanda,' now."

"I sha'n't. Don't worry, Freule. You're too big."

"Oh, you rude boy! I wish I were bigger, and I'd hit you."

"You can hit me now, if you like. I'll come down. I don't mind being hit by a girl."

"You don't mind 'cause you think I shouldn't hurt you. But I should. You're afraid of being hit by your father."

"That's not true, Freule. I don't care when father hits me."

"Well, then, get me a pear. One of the French ones."

"I won't, Freule. I tell you, I don't steal."

"Wendela blushed scarlet in the dark. "I don't want you to steal," she said, hotly, "What a horrid boy you are! Ain't I the heiress of Deynum?"

"And don't I tell you this year's pears ain't next year's pears? When you're the lady of Deynum, you may kill yourself eating pears."

"So I shall, if my husband's as bad as you are."

"Oh, stop that. We left off being husband and wife three years ago."

"But people *can't* leave off being husband and wife unless they're 'Gueux.' Mamma says so. You wouldn't be a 'beggar,' Piet?"

"No," cried Piet Poster, with great vehemence, kicking his feet against the wall.

"Well, if you leave off being my husband, you must be. You are. You are."

"Don't call me a 'beggar,' Freule. If you do, I'd almost—"

"Almost what—?"

Piet Poster clenched his fists behind his back. "I'm going away," he said.

But this was not what the little lady wanted. "I won't say it again," she cried. "Look here, Piet, when we're grown up, I shall really marry you, and then you'll be lord of Deynum. You'd like that, wouldn't you? And then you could scold your father."

"All right. What'll the Baron say?"

"Oh—oh—oh! I say, Piet, I didn't come to talk about that. I came to tell you about his Reverence."

"What about his Reverence?" asked Piet, in a reverential tone.

"He knows."

"What about? The—the cats—the—!"

"No; about his cap."

"I say! Who told him? How did he find out?"

"I told. I couldn't help it."

"Oh, you sneak!"

"I tell you I couldn't help it. And it was such fun. You should have seen his face!"

"Well, I didn't see it, so it's no fun to me. I think it was right-down mean of you, Freule. We shan't be able to have any more bets." He spoke in a very disgusted tone, and began slipping down from the wall.

"Piet! Listen, Piet! I shouldn't have wagered again, anyway. I think it's wrong"—this last rather hypocritically.

"You! I was thinking of the boys. Good-night, Freule."

"I say, Piet, you won't tell I told?"

"Tell? No! You'd better be going home. It's getting dark, and you'll be afraid."

"You need not be rude as well as unkind," replied Wendela, moving off in dignified displeasure. She turned back for a parting shot. "Telling lies is every bit as bad as stealing," she cried, and was gone without saying "Good-night."

CHAPTER XIII.

BARONIAL BUSINESS

Next morning Nicholas Strum, the Deynum lawyer, was ushered into the Baron's private room—a lofty, empty chamber, with bare Gothic windows, its wainscoted walls hung with trophies and implements of shooting and fishing. It opens out of the library. The Baron was not a reading man.

The Strums have always been the notaries of Deynum, from the beginning—that is to say, of the Strums. There has been a time, of course, when there were Rexelaers but no notaries. Ever since there were notaries at all, however, the Barons van Rexelaer have been married and buried under the legal surveillance of an Andrew or a Nicholas Strum. The present man was Nicholas. The Baron had preferred Andrew.

Andrew had been old, very old, from his earliest youth, and slow, ponderously slow—benignant, bare-headed, broad and bow-backed, absolutely reliable. Nicholas was tall and heavy, lanky, lumpy, and loutish. But Nicholas was clever. He had been born in a stand-up collar, and his mother had always admired whatever he said and did. His father had shaken a massive head over the boy's shrewdness. But that did not hurt Nicholas, who admired himself even more than his mother admired him. Andrew was dead. Nicholas was very much alive.

There were various reasons why the Baron should dislike Nicholas. One of these was what Mevrouw van Rexelaer styled the "lawyer's brazen infidelity." The Strums, of course, had always been zealous Roman Catholics, but, Andrew having sent his son to the University of Louvain, so as to keep him free from contamination, the young man's innate spirit of contradiction had there, under the influence of rampant ultramontanism, developed an indifference to matters religious which had branded him at home as a "liberal Catholic," a creature almost unknown in the Netherlands. Originally the man had only wanted to go his way in peace, but the conventional horror of impiety and liberalism all around him fast drove him towards radicalism and irreligion. He was sick of the cult of "the Powers that be," in spite of his personal respect for the Baron. And the Rexelaers, on their part, would have preferred to break with this un-Strum-like Strum, had they seen their way to doing so. "How can pence develop into pounds," asked the Baroness, "in the hands of a man who does not believe in miracles?" "How indeed?" said the Baron. "You may well put that question here." And he smiled, by himself, as he had always had to, at his sad little joke.

"Sit down, Strum," said the Baron.

Strum sat down and gathered his long legs about him. The Notary possessed, quite unconsciously, two manners, which had but one quality in common. He was either voluble and insolent, as soon as he felt that he had got the upper hand, or silent and awkward, when in the presence of a stronger power. In both cases he was rude, often chiefly from shyness, for shyness lay at the core of this big, unemotional-looking lump. You required but to watch his timid, spectacled eyes to see that. He had been polite, according to his lights, to Count Rexelaer, a possible patron. He was always especially volubly insolent to the Baron, from a fear of becoming too servile, like his father, and also from a lawyer's natural contempt of financial embarrassment.

"Well?" said the Baron, after a moment's expectant silence. He coughed uncomfortably.

Strum coughed uncomfortably. Then he broke out suddenly, with the abruptness of a popgun.

"Your Nobleness has received my letter?" The Baron

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took up from his writing-table a paper, which he had been fingering all the while.

"Of course," he said; "it came up last night. But why write? Your father never wrote to me in his life, Nicholas. And, besides, the letter tells me nothing. Difficulties about renewing the mortgage! Why? Which? It is a couple of months yet before the question need arise." He was very agitated already. He was one of those men whom the very mention of "business" agitates. Not having grown up within its inner circle, they have learnt by experience that for outsiders all "business" practically comes to legalized spoliation; and the outsider never understands the trick till it's done.

"I wrote," said Strum, "immediately after my final interview with the Hague bankers. The stakes are too momentous; the sum is too large." He jerked forward his outlying foot with a great thump at nothing. "We can't wait till the latest moment, which is often a moment too late, as my dead father used to say." He always quoted his dead father to—or rather against—the Baron van Rexelaer.

"I miss him every day of my life, Mynheer the Baron," he continued—a mere nervous overflow of talk—"but most of all in these great transactions with regard to Deynum. I miss him very much."

"So do I," said the Baron, with very different conviction. "Come to the point, Strum, please. Surely four and a half is a sufficient rate of interest."

"The interest is high enough," began Strum; "they would probably renew for less—"

"Then why bother me?" cried the Baron, with a gasp of relief.

The young Notary made a deprecatory movement with his left hand, ere he proceeded to crack its fingers with his right.

"Had they not made up their mind not to renew at all," he said. He drew away his broad lips to his ears as he spoke, revealing a set of irregular yellow teeth. The movement had nothing of a grin in it; it was a mere muscular twitch which gave his face an expression as if he were going to swallow you.

"The risk is immense," he went on, hastily. "The estate, valuable as it is, cannot bear the continued depreciation of land. They will sell while they can, and the sooner the better. For them and for everybody, I should say." He spoke blusteringly. He was every jot as ill at ease as the Baron.

"Your dear departed father used to say, Nicholas," remarked a low, grave voice behind him, "that the man who does business for gentlemen should always be a gentleman himself." The Baroness, smooth and colorless in her laces, had entered noiselessly through the library door.

"Chère amie, chère amie," expostulated the Baron, "leave me and Strum"—yes, he said "me and Strum"—"to settle these matters between us."

The Notary was boiling internally, but he only boiled over in drops. "Mevrouw," he said, with a great crack of his curved thumb, "it would be a good thing for all parties if there were no business to be transacted at Deynum. But the fact remains, Mynheer the Baron, that the mortgages will not be renewed, and that the whole immense sum of money must be found, which, of course, is impossible."

"How do you know what is possible or impossible?" asked the Baron, haughtily.

"Only in so far as your man of business can judge."

"You are that, but not my confidant."

"I should be neither or both, Mynheer the Baron, as my father used to say."

"He never said it of you, Nicholas," interposed the Baroness. She had been standing watching his clumsy twitches with pallid contempt. She now moved away to a window-seat. Her vague eyes rested on the distant park. They drew her husband's in the same direction. He had not the strength to remonstrate again.

Nicholas bit his lips. He thought he could manage the Baron, but he was afraid of the lady, whom he cordially disliked.

"Of course, if the money will be forthcoming, so much the better," he said. "In that case I need not further trouble you with the object of my visit, which was an offer I received yesterday."

"What offer?" asked the Baron, a little shamefacedly. Strum closed his eyes behind his big round spectacles. "The bank informs me that an excellent opportunity occurs—of which it would be to the advantage of all parties to avail themselves—for transferring the whole of the mortgages into other hands, into private hands, as I understand."

A sudden tremor played over the Baron's face. The Baroness glanced round from the window, and then back again at the trees.

"I understand," said the Baron in a husky voice. "And that is why they refuse to renew. Who is the 'private person'?"

"No name is mentioned as yet."

"Were you aware, Strum, that I declined, a couple of days ago, the offer of a certain person at the Hague to purchase this place?"

"Yes, Mynheer the Baron."

"You were. Then you knew of the offer before it was made. Perhaps you suggested it during your stay at the Hague?"

The Baron was not a good hand at irony; his voice grew louder. "It is a conspiracy," he cried, "and you are in it!"

"A conspiracy, if you like," replied Strum, roughly. "I was asked my opinion as to the advisability of such a proposal, and I said: Make it, by all means. I thought it the best, the only, solution of a gigantic difficulty. And I think so still. I should call this anxiety on the part of Count Rexelaer to purchase the place a most wonderful piece of good fortune!"

"Count Rexelaer," repeated the Baron. "Just so. You are your father's son, Nicholas, and, although you do not know as much as he did, you probably know enough to understand that I would rather see this house a smoldering ruin than the property of Count Rexelaer." He turned upon the Notary: "You had no right," he said, "to take both my pay and Count Rexelaer's."

Nicholas Strum returned his patron's look, full in the face. Then he rose as majestically as his ungovernable limbs would allow. "It is your Nobleness's good pleasure, as it is your prerogative," he said, "to insult your inferiors. But such insults, as my father used to say, hit back, like guns. I acted for the best."

And he left the room.

The Baroness drew near to her husband. "If there is not money enough, we must live still more simply," she said, taking the woman's view. But her heart sank as she thought of her housekeeping-book.

The Baron lifted his face from his hands. 'Perhaps I was hard on Strum," he said. "He cannot look at these matters from our point of view."

"But why does that man want to become sole mortgagee?"

"It is next best. At the first hitch he would sell, and—purchase."

"I do not understand exactly," she said. "Do you, dearest?"

"No, I do not understand exactly," he murmured, humbly.

"But God will leave us Deynum," she said, and, as her cheek touched his, she burst into tears.

Nicholas Strum went tramping down stairs in a towering rage. He was very much wronged, and he had cause to be angry.

"Serve them right," he said, as he struck his umbrella viciously at the oaken banisters. "'Tis like this that the great folks make themselves hated, with their beggarly, haughty, ignorant ways! 'Tis a sin against God and them to come lowering their greatness, even when just debts have got to be paid! And my father was right, as that White Creature put it: 'Gentlemen should do business with each

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other and for themselves.' I wonder how they'd manage. For each of them expects to give all the kicks and to get all the halfpence."

Thus righteously grumbling, he went in search of Count Rexelaer, whom he had left in the park.

CHAPTER XIV.

YOUNG REINOUT MEETS HIS UNKNOWN FRIEND AGAIN

Upon receiving, through his own Notary, the Baron's curt and absolute refusal to enter into negotiations, Count Hilarius immediately started for Deynum. Matters were coming to a crisis. He had succeeded, after months of waiting and intriguing, in getting himself nominated on the Board of Directors of the Bank which held by far the greater part of the Baron's enormous mortgages. Once there, he had prevented a renewal. And now the supreme moment had arrived. The place must either fall into his hands, almost immediately, or the Baron must dispose of it to others and probably lose it to the family forever.

The Count took Reinout with him, Monsieur de Souza being laid up with one of his bad attacks of gout on the chest. And nothing delighted Reinout so much as a glimpse of the country. He was another creature there, away from the straight pavements of his daily life, rushing to and fro in reckless, aimless animal motion, bewildered and intoxicated by the sounds, the smells, the great sky overhead.

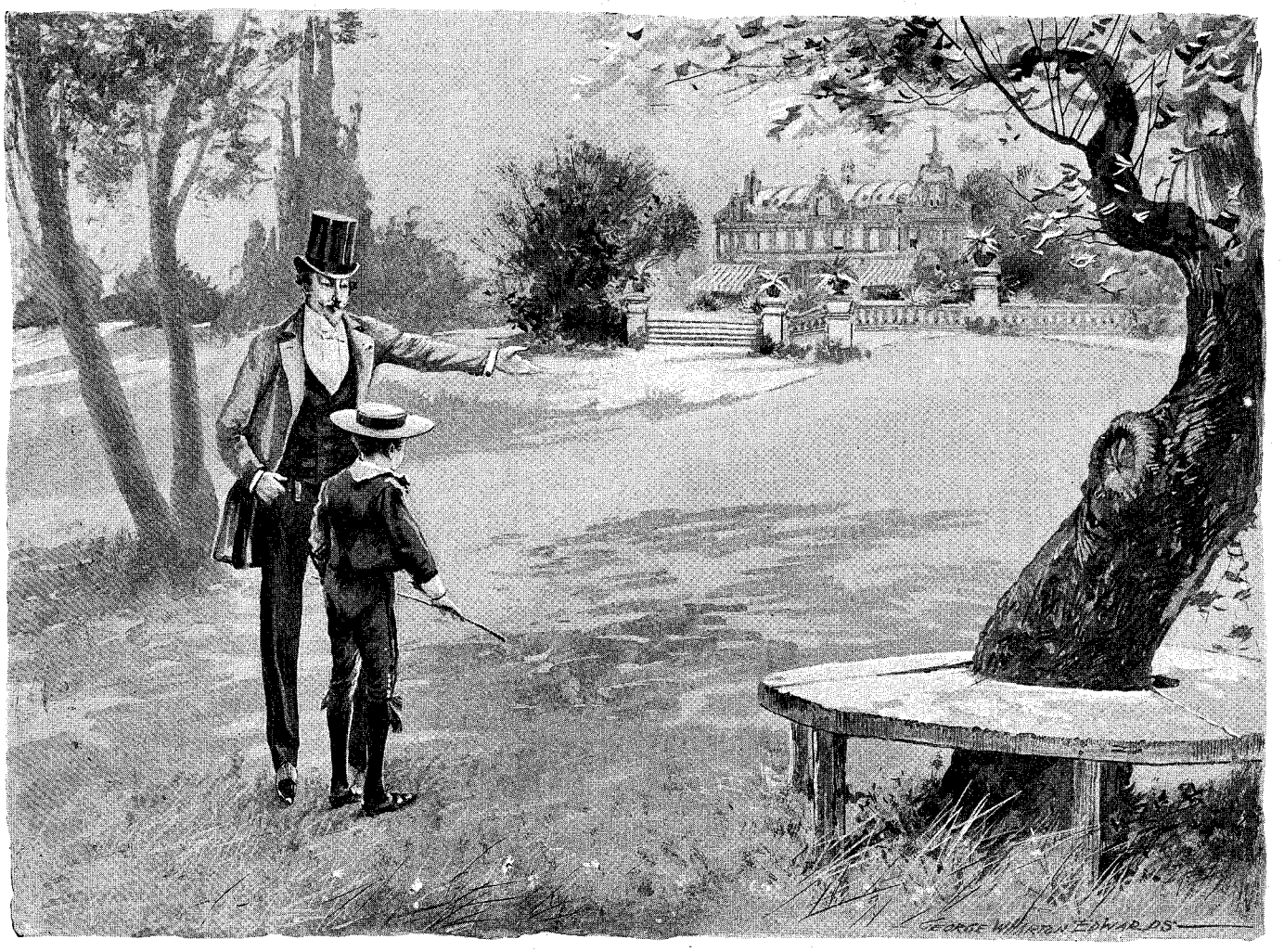
Father and son stood in a clearing in the woods, from whence they could get a vague view of the house. They had halted there, at a safe distance, leaving Strum to proceed on his errand. To Reinout the brisk autumnal walk had been a source of overwhelming amusement and interest. The Count, also, enjoyed this first sight of a place which had been the Mecca of his thoughts ever since he could think at all. It caused him an immense satisfaction to return the salutes of the rare peasants they came across. He felt a sort of proprietorship in them.

"Look, Reinout, there it is!" he cried. "The home of your ancestors!" He drew his son towards him, and they stood gazing side by side. The Count was deeply moved.

An indefinable thrill of pride and disappointment ran down Reinout's back. It was very grand, but, after all, it was earthly. He had dreamed, through long years, a dream of the intangible. And the October air lay chill and brown over all that dreary stretch of trees, and the shadowy distant building with its feeble film of ascending smoke.

"It isn't a bit like Brazil," he said.

The Count could not suppress a movement of impatience. Why did the child, at every emergency, always say or do the stupidest thing? "Run away and play," he said. And Reinout eagerly availed himself of the permission.



The Home of his Ancestors

He wandered off into the wood, attracted by one delight after another, and ultimately lost his way and came out into a country lane where he met a carter who drove him back to the village.

The village he found almost as curious as the woodlands surrounding it. He inspected the Protestant church, and took off his cap to Father Bulbius, who came out of the Parsonage to have a look at him. And a little troop of boys having collected on the green, he distributed his pennies among them. Just as he had disposed of the last, the baker's lame child, Tony, came limping up to find out what was going on. Reinout saw, and despairingly felt in his empty pockets. Then he said aloud: "Oh, I *can't*. Mamma won't mind," and unfastened a small gold stud which held his collar, and slipped it into Tony's hand. After that he took refuge in the public-house, where his father had told him they would have some bread and meat before leaving, and asked Hendrika for a bit of string.

[To be continued]

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The Home

A Sword or a Straw

To have a sense of humor is to have an armor that protects one from many of the shafts of experience that would, without the antidote of humor, be poisoned enough to produce irritation at least. The man or woman who has this sense can always see the redeeming fun in any situation not shadowed by a sorrow. Humor has been known, however, to thrust its unseemly presence in at a funeral, so that without self-control it would have produced effects that would at least stamp one as being heartless. Even a kitchen tragedy may become a farce if the mistress has a sense of humor, as when, the closets not being in a condition in which a careful mistress would have them, the maid replies to her rebuke, "Well, if you hadn't been snooping, you wouldn't have found out, and then you wouldn't have been bothered about finding a new girl!" Whether the sensation of the Lady Bountiful who, accosted on the street by a woman begging with her baby in her arms for pennies to buy bread, discovers an odor of beer, and tells the beggar, who responds, "Sure, no, my lady, it's the starvation of my stomach you do be smellin'," be anger or amusement, depends upon whether "my lady" has a sense of humor or not. A hostess is told by a departing guest that she reminds her of a woman whom the hostess considers quite handsome, and upon the hostess showing plainly that she appreciates the implied compliment, the guest adds, "Oh, I said only a little;" this hostess depends altogether for her sensations on the presence or absence of a sense of humor. The would-be reformer in the Working-Girls' Club who, in trying to influence a girl to a more healthful way of dressiug, is looked at kindly and responded to with, "You wouldn't look so bad if you wore your clothes tighter," is annoyed or amused according as she has or has not a sense of humor.

If you have a sense of humor, you have fun, a great deal of fun, at unexpected places and in unexpected situations. If you do not have it, you experience instead anger, indignation, or annoyance; or at least you admit that you are disturbed. A sense of humor is a life preservative, a nerve protector, a wrinkle eradicator.

Something About Prices in Italy

By Katherine Morris

We hear much about the cheapness of living in Italy. It seems to be a widely spread and confirmed belief that it costs next to nothing over here, forgetting that good things bring their price everywhere in the world. It occurs to me often to wonder if the difference is so great as people generally suppose. In Florence one may rent a pleasant apartment of eight rooms, unfurnished, for $200 a year, but it will be up two or three flights of stairs, with no gas and no elevator—there is never any gas nor an elevator—and it will be either on the outskirts or in the less desirable portions of the town. Throughout this article I shall speak only of the lowest prices possible to secure the reasonable amount of comfort which would be indispensable to Americans. A furnished apartment rents for double the price of an empty one; one-half being reckoned for the flat, one-half for the furniture, which is of course handsome or plain in proportion as you pay $200 or $1,000 rent. I myself occupied a furnished villa in one of the Florentine suburbs during three years. It had twelve rooms, only nine of which were serviceable, for old Italian houses always show much waste space. The villa was sufficiently furnished, but the furniture was old-fashioned, stiff, and hard; moreover, it was shabby with that peculiar shabbiness which comes after a succession of tenants. There was one tile stove built into the house, which consumed much fuel and let all the heat escape up chimney; there was also one wide-mouthed fireplace, which was satisfactory except when it smoked, as it always did when the wind was the wrong way. There were no carpets—we were obliged to furnish these ourselves—but there were curtains and plenty of sofas, chairs, and tables. The beds had no springs—they were born too long ago; the chairs had all had their legs off and on an indefinite number of times, for an Italian carpenter's glue never glues. There were several chairs which we put away in corners and regarded tenderly. There was a pleasant, old-fashioned, sunshiny garden, shut in by a high wall. All the water for household use was brought from a well in its center, the water being dipped up in a little bucket. We used to think the maid looked very picturesque bending above the well-curb in her bright scarlet jacket, and no doubt a keen sense of the picturesque helps one to overlook the absence of set tubs and hot and cold water always ready. Our other advantages were proximity to Florence, an outlook upon the storied slopes of Fiesole, and a wind that played around our door with a persistency we could well have spared. For this villa we paid $300 a year. I searched the environs of Florence in all directions, but could never find another villa with so many advantages as ours really possessed, for anything like the price. In the city I could find no furnished apartment of sufficient size for less than $400 or $500 the year. As I said before, I am quoting lowest prices. The fare in the steam tram to and from Florence was eight cents each way, and ought to have been counted into the rent, only that it was always quite impossible to reckon it at any fixed amount. I paid my cook five dollars a month; my second girl, who combined the duties of child's nurse and chambermaid, the same; but Italian servants work in proportion to their small wage. Though the ironing was done in the house, the washing was given out, at a cost of from eighty cents to one dollar per week. But there were hundreds of little services which could no more be counted in than the steam-tram fares into the rent: the milkman to do this little commission, the gardener that. The gardener was in the employ of the landlord, and any services rendered my family were paid for by me as extras. Now it was to bring fruit from town, change our library books, carry a package here or a message there. We were obliged to go or send to Florence for everything except mere meat and bread. We had the inconveniences and expenses of living out of town, but we had also the obvious comforts of purer air, quiet, and abundant space. Good roasting pieces of beef and beefsteaks cost from sixteen to eighteen cents a pound; veal, something more; bread, which is always bought from the baker and sold by weight, three cents a pound; milk, five cents a quart, but it is poor. Wine is cheap; the ordinary red wine which everybody drinks may be bought for from thirty cents to one dollar a *fiasco*, which equals three bottles. Vegetables and fruit are cheap enough, but neither abundant nor delicious; garden strawberries are dear. Wood costs eight dollars the cord, sawed and split; and no matter how much you burn, you will be chilly and shivering from autumn to spring. Charcoal, which is used for cooking, costs $1.20 the sack, and a family will use a sack a week. Coffee, tea, sugar, kerosene, and alcohol are very costly.

Materials for clothing cost no less, I think, than in America. Ladies' dress goods in wool range from fifty cents to two dollars a yard; cotton shirting costs from fourteen to twenty cents. Boots and shoes may be bought from two to ten dollars, but the lower-priced ones are of such poor materials and so poorly made that they wear only a few weeks. Dressmaking is not dear. You can get a simple dress made for two or three dollars, and run up as high as you please beyond this. Some of the best Florentine dressmakers charge only five dollars for making a dress. A seamstress receives twenty-five or thirty cents a day. In fact, all service is low-priced. But there is not the comfort of finding all sorts of garments ready-made. Now and then one may pick up something, though not cheaply; but most of the outfit of a family must be evolved

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out of one's own ingenuity, at an immense sacrifice of time. Boys' clothing is not to be found ready-made; neither will many tailors trouble themselves to make it to order. My own way is to get Butterick patterns from England and have suits made up in the house under my own supervision. A good pattern is greatly prized, and passed about among American mothers like a treasure-trove.

But what adds greatly to the cost of living, and in such an insidious way that you cannot set it down in figures and add it up item by item, is the system of feeing, which exists here in such undue proportions as to be a positive evil. In America you may frankly say you are poor, and regulate your expenses accordingly. Here you may say it, but no one will believe you, because, no matter how poor you may be, you are sure to be richer than the people about you. We hire a cook for five dollars a month, and count cheap service as one of the luxuries of Italy; but at any little extra service or good bargain the few pennies over of change are expected to slip into his hand. If you sell your rags or old wine-bottles or old iron—you don't—you let him do it and pocket the returns. As he does the marketing, he naturally gets his little commissions from the various shops, which all come out of your pocket in the end. If you have guests, you give him a franc or two because everything has gone off so nicely; then at Christmas, and at Easter, and at midsummer—well, you just count it all in to what you pay your cook, only you did not happen to think of it when you engaged him at five dollars a month. I truly believe that to whatever it costs you to live in Italy you must add on a margin of one-third for the things that are cropping up unexpectedly every day; even then it will not be an exaggerated estimate. Make a stand against it? No, that will not do! Rather than try to make a stand against the time-congealed habits of a nation it would be better to live in another country—your own, for instance. Think of the people who must have Christmas boxes this year! The cook and chambermaid we understand—the uncounted wages. Then the postman—one always fees the postman generously. Then the gardener, whom you have been paying for odd services all the year! Yes, but he expects something now; and there is his wife, who comes in willingly to help in emergencies. You cannot skip the gardener's old father, or his toddling grandchildren; nor the seamstress who drops in to wish you "Merry Christmas;" nor the dressmaker's girl, nor the butcher's boy, nor the baker's boy, nor the little fellow who brings you the "Daily News." Then there is the blind beggar at the corner, whose bank account may be larger than your own, but you cannot be sure; he looks nipped and forlorn, and, anyway, it is Christmas, and you cannot pass him by. "But why employ so many people?" you ask. It is a natural question, but I defy any family to be three months settled in Italy without collecting a swarm of retainers at their heels. After three years it becomes a matter of self-preservation to fly—we fled. I wish to add that I have known art students and writers who, by living singly or clubbing together, have been able to keep their expenditure very low. They are not subject to such emergencies as are constantly arising in families. By dispensing with servants, cooking over oil stoves, and availing one's self of the helps to "light housekeeping" which exist abundantly in all European cities, it can be done.

The question in this paper is of comparative prices. Could it not be done as well in New York or Boston as in Florence, if one were willing to live in the same way?

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Will some one kindly send a receipt for "entire wheat flour" bread? I have not met with success in making it by my rule for graham bread. H. H. K.

Doubtless some of our readers can give the receipt asked for.

To a Constant Reader of The Outlook.—We would advise you to read to the boy of whom you write, Cooper's novels, Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," Nansen's book on "Greenland," Roosevelt's book on "Ranch Life," and similar books.

The Larger Opportunity

The July number of "Harper's Monthly" shows what the woman's club can be to the municipal life of the city in which it exists, when it lives up to its opportunities. There is not a department in the municipal government of Chicago that has not been positively affected by that wonderful organization, the Chicago Woman's Club. But the women who attempted this, and who have succeeded in affecting municipal government in that city, first made a close study of the department they expected to reform, before they took any steps toward reforming. They did not accept newspaper accounts of the evils to be remedied; they did not go as committees making petitions to the powers that be, just on a general belief that there was something wrong, but they were able to point to the evil, and they were ready at the same time to suggest the remedy. The Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York City is another example of what can be done when women work intelligently, and when they make a study of the evils, find the remedies, and then make their proposition to the authorities.

The trouble with us women in our attempt to improve the public school system is that we have not made a study of the system. We do not know its evils as we should; we have not made a study of pedagogics, as we should do if we hope to work intelligently; and when we have proposed reforms they have been impracticable, they have been unscientific, they have been vague. In the matter of placing women on the public school boards, it has been urged on the general principle that there are so many women teachers and children employed that women ought to have representation; when the fact of the matter is that women should be on the boards of education because they have more time to give to the detailed studies of individual schools than men can possibly have. Women form the leisure class in this country, and their educational opportunities are unlimited.

Take the appointing of women factory inspectors in this State. It was a great advance. How many women of wealth and position and intelligence have given moral and social support to the women appointed, or have made the position one that would be attractive to a woman of intelligence and social position? Every intelligent woman knows the untold evils of factory life on the women and children who are forced to live under them, if she has given any study to the conditions that surround our working women and children. Yet no attempt was made to give moral support to these women working without precedent in new fields. When the women of our Eastern cities follow the example of the women of Chicago in seeing not only evils, but remedies for those evils; in bringing forward as candidates for the positions where they wish women appointed women who stand before the community in their intellectual and moral strength, a new régime will begin in municipal government.

All of our colleges, or nearly all, have introduced into the curriculum a department of domestic science, which embraces a scientific knowledge of hygiene and sanitation. How many of the women who take that course take it with a view to devoting their energies and their intelligence in a public capacity, such as factory inspector, school commissioner, superintendent, or trustee? Or which of them would make application for a position under the department of public works, street-cleaning commissioner, tenement-house inspector? As an illustration of the want of public sentiment, and the need of it, this spring a young woman physician of New York City, whose name is well known, made a proposition to the Board of Education something like this: That she should give ten to fifteen minutes' talk to the children on sanitation and hygiene each

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morning in the public schools, in order that the children might know the value of clean hands, or more particularly the danger of having dirty hands, etc. This physician has been a most successful worker in boys' clubs, and had learned how to interest children. The matter was brought to the attention of the Board of Education; for two or three days space was given it in the daily papers of the city; and it ended there. Had there been the right amount of public sentiment, had the women of New York met this opportunity as they should have, supported this young woman in her most practical suggestion, brought the pressure of public sentiment to bear on the Board of Education, this excellent plan would have been carried out, and we should have had the little children made to see disease in the dirty hands, in the dirty face and dirty clothes; a foundation would have been laid for the preaching of the Gospel. When you have made a little child see that his own cleanliness is a protection to his brother, that his brother's dirt is a menace to him, you have made him answer that tremendous question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Women's clubs are a force in our national life. Homes are better, children are better trained, because of the interchange of thought in women's clubs. The value of a body of enthusiastic women in the accomplishment of a given purpose is fully recognized, and there is not a woman's club in the land that could not affect the public life of the community in which it is located if once it devoted its energies to the consideration of public questions affecting the home life. It is improving to sit in a library preparing a paper to be read before a club of intelligent women; it is a benefit to the women to listen and discuss the subject of the paper; but few will deny that greater benefit would result if at least every other meeting of the club were devoted to the consideration of topics that affected the life of the community, its morals, its health, its education. Ignorance and its natural product—sin—cannot exist in one part of the community and not affect the life of the other part. You may leave the city which cholera threatens, but you cannot escape the stagnation of business or the depreciation of property that follows the visitation. You may let Johnny live under conditions that open only the criminal's life to him, but you cannot escape paying the taxes his trial and conviction and after support make necessary; nor can you prevent your own boy reading the account of that trial. You may let wayward Katy alone from the time she is born with her legacy of evil tendencies, but you cannot escape paying for the hospital and foundling asylum Katy compels you to support. You may let Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty support the corner liquor-stores that the Excise Board protects by license; but you must support Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty when, their presence being unwelcome because of an empty purse, their ejection from the liquor-saloon is resented with stones and oaths, and they find lodgment on the Island for ten days; the young Haggertys must be cared for at your expense, and your children must struggle with them as you have with the parents—through taxation.

Philanthropy has done much to lessen the burdens of society, but it will have less to do when its workers and supporters do their share as citizens of a great commonwealth—when to vote shall be recognized as a small part of a citizen's duties.

Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$734 43
C. G. C., New York	5 00
G. M., New York	25 00
E. H. N., Green Lake, Wis	15 00
C.W. K., Seabright, N. J.	1 00
Mrs. G. E. F., North Amherst, Mass.	5 00
E. B., Hot Springs, Va	5 00
Parsonage Circle King's Daughters, Andover, Mass	3 00
K. M. H., Watertown, N. Y	5 00
W. M. K., New York, N. Y	15 00
P. and A. W., Annisquam, Mass	30 00
Rosebank, Staten Island	7 00
Sunday Evening Contributions at Clifton	30 00
Total	$880 43

"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—VI.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not. —*Old Song.*

Tom knelt by the side of his fallen leader, stupefied but not afraid.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" he cried, as men from the rail fence hastened by him, turning, as they fled, to ward off the stab of a bayonet or falling wounded from more distant shots; but none heeded.

Fewer and fewer grew the numbers of the flying Continentals, and the hillside was soon covered by their pursuers; the troops on Bunker Hill stampeded at last like frightened sheep. "Make a stand here!" shouted old Putnam, swearing and cursing like a madman. "In God's name form and give them one shot more!" But they swept by him like a stampede of wild cattle. "It is enough to make an angel swear!" he cried, with tears of rage.

And through it all the boy stood guard, striding across his beloved dead. Amid the sickening thud of the heavy gun-stocks on living flesh, the sudden breathless "Ah!" of dying wounded, remorselessly stabbed by the brutal grenadiers; through the sights of maddened faces, staring, blood-injected eyeballs, agonized forms sinking member by member into contorted death—in the midst of that rout he watched without flinching, his broken gun clubbed fiercely in his hands.

Cheers of triumph began to go up from the victors. The thought of the exultation with which a knowledge of the death of Warren would fill them gave Tom almost the strength of madness. With incredible exertions he dragged the body from their path, and sank down with it under a low tree a little to one side. "Run, boy, run!" shouted the last of the fugitives; but Tom shook his head.

"They may desert you," he muttered, looking at the dead, set face; "but not I."

Approaching in the distance came a party of prisoners under the guard of three or four grenadiers, whose leader, a tremendous fellow with his arm in a sling, called loudly to Tom to surrender.

Mechanically Tom staggered to his feet, still clutching his broken musket; then, stooping, he drew the dead man's hat over his face.

"Come," said the grenadier, impatiently, leaving his party, and advancing to where the boy was standing. "Come, surrender!"

"You?" said Tom, dully, allowing the broken weapon to be taken from his hands. "You? I thought I had shot you."

"You did?" said the grenadier, dryly. "Who is this fine gentleman?" advancing his foot towards the prostrate figure.

"Dare to touch him!" shrieked Tom, throwing himself upon him furiously. The big man laughed, and caught him with his single hand.

"You have surrendered," he said. "You are beaten, you know."

"We are not beaten!" shouted Tom. "We will never be beaten!" To own to defeat seemed like treachery to the dead.

"Why, you young catamount!" said the grenadier, giving him a good-natured shake. "Come along!"

Poor Tom! he felt coming over him again that terrible inclination to cry; to throw himself down on the ground, and sob and groan until his tired nerves were stilled in exhaustion. Struggling painfully against it, he followed his captors to the ferry, where the prisoners were being embarked for Boston.

"This is but a little lad," said the grenadier in the ear of the sergeant who was entering the names. "Let him go; he will be of more hindrance to us than help to the enemy."

"It is well," said the sergeant, scribbling in his list; the grenadier looked over his shoulder at the entry and smiled.

"It is a poor reward for a day's fighting to be put down

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plainly as '*A Lad—Dismissed;*' and then—to be beaten to boot," he said, tormentingly.

"My name is Tom Kettell," said Tom, trying to be dignified, while he struggled obstinately with his tears. "And I told you that we were not beaten; but even if we were, I suppose it is English generosity to twit us with defeat."

"Ah, well," said the grenadier, leading him off by the shoulder, "you are poor shots, you Americans. If you had only been able to handle a musket better, I should not have been here to ask the sergeant to let you go."

"You asked him to let me go, when you knew I shot you?" cried Tom.

"Your aim is too bad to make it worth while to keep you," said the other, tauntingly.

"But I *meant* to hit you in the arm!" Tom burst forth, impetuously, "and when you fell I thought you were dead; I did not want to kill you, but"—he broke off abruptly.

Giving him a little push, with a great laugh, the gigantic grenadier strode away.

"Soldiers do not cry!" he called over his shoulder. "Go home to your mother."

But Tom had neither home nor mother to whom he could turn. He was so weak that he reeled a little in his walk, as he set his face towards the battle-field. Skirting the burning town to the north, he found his mother's house still blazing, the barn in ruins. He only shook his head and staggered onward, intending to walk out along the main road to the foot of the hill where Warren was lying. As the houses grew more scattered, there seemed to have been less destruction from fire, and although they were all of them riddled with balls, some few were left standing. Behind one of them—it happened to be the very house where he had left the wagon the night before—a low spring-house nestled under a thick clump of lilac-bushes. Tom stumbled to the step and looked down through the open door; inside the pans of milk were standing about unhurt. Conscious all at once of his hunger and fatigue, he plunged into the cool, damp place, and, after drinking greedily, climbed quickly up the hill, and, propping himself against the apple-tree, set himself to watch the dead.

With a great parade, the British, under General Howe, took possession of Bunker Hill; on the main street two regiments were stationed in a long line from the Burial Hill in Charlestown to the Neck. The artillery fire had stripped the trees below him like an autumn gale, and through their broken and almost leafless branches he could catch glimpses of red coats and shining arms. Once in a while a bugler would send some call, or a burst of cheering would come over from the other height; and at intervals a long roar proclaimed where the British guns, like angry dogs afraid to follow, growled threateningly in the rear of the retreating Continentals.

"They will be careful how they tackle us again!" said Tom, scowling fiercely; and then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he remained so still that the British soldiers who came out later with stretchers to take up their wounded thought that he also had fallen, and left him for dead.

Fortunately, he had been able to drag the body of Warren away from the general path, and now, as a little more quiet fell on the British encampment, about sundown he fell into a fitful sleep.

A sound of low voices near him waked him. He sat up, quietly; he was too tired to be startled, and, noiselessly taking off his heavy hat, looked about him.

The night had fallen, and a little below him, on the grass, two British officers were standing looking down to the left where Charlestown still lit the sky with the glare of its blazing houses.

"Why does the General insist on all this intrenching? We ought to advance upon the enemy without delay and follow up our victory," said one of them.

"We shall be well off if they do not fall upon us in the early morning and drive us straight to our ships."

"They fought like devils," said the first.

"Like men, you mean," said the other; "and they caused our tough old soldiers to feel it as well. I doubt not an order to advance would cause them to mutiny now. We hung two grenadiers this morning for trying to desert to the Continental lines."

"And well they deserved it," said the first; "but it has been a disastrous day for us from the beginning. They tell me those louts in the redoubt had worked in relays the whole night; and then to inflict such crippling loss on our best troops! Nigh upon fifteen hundred men among the killed and wounded—a greater number than they had in the field themselves! They are dangerous, and I do maintain that we should follow up our victory. They know they are beaten now, and we should crush them in the beginning."

"The trouble is that, with the spirit they have shown to-day, they will never know that they are beaten. They have made a fortification in a single night that would do credit to the work of days. They have held it at fearful odds against the flower of the British Army. They have quitted themselves like heroes; and as for crushing them—I promise you that the forces of the universe will not crush them so long as they hold to the right as they held to-day! Our policy is to recognize them as brave men and honest gentlemen, and treat them with the fairness their merit demands."

"These are un-English doctrines, worthy of a disciple of Mr. Burke. I tell you they are a set of rascally traitors and rebels," said the first; "and those who abet them are in no whit better than they!" He strode off up the hill as he finished, but the other sprang after him.

"I demand an explanation," Tom heard him say, in an angry tone; but the reply was lost in the distance.

Tom leaned his elbow on his hand and looked about him; he had no idea of the hour. The fires of Howe's bivouac on Bunker Hill had died down to spots of glowing embers; but the flames in Charlestown still mounted high, with the threatening roll of far-off thunder. To see men's homes thus going to destruction had something about it even more calamitous than battle itself. On the long street below, the watch went back and forth with moving lights; sharp orders, the clatter of horsemen, even shouts, rose above the steady murmur of voices that filled the night. Below lay the silent gray tombs on Charlestown Burial Hill, and at its foot the broad water stretched across to the marshes slowly disappearing under the flowing tide. Far to the right, on Winter and Prospect Hills, flickered the fires of the American encampments. The whole country seemed to be restless, fevered, and sleepless; even the stars looked hot and dim in the angry, smoky sky.

Little by little, Tom sank down now by the side of his dead commander. Over from above came a long, sighing groan. Some one, deserted, was dying; but the boy did not know it. Unconscious of the terrible things hidden beyond the hill, Tom slept the deep slumber of youth and utter weariness, murmuring even in his dreams, "*We are not beaten!*"

THE END

Some Egg Hatchings

By C. H. Bennett

Some years since, by way of recreation, I became interested in microscopy, and, having secured a suitable outfit, I decided to turn my attention along the line of entomology and kindred subjects. Having a wide-range battery of objectives, including several high powers, I was prepared to observe the minutest forms of organic life, and had soon trespassed (my work was so unsystematic and unscientific that I can but call it trespassing) on the field of insect oölogy. My ambitious watchfulness soon made me quite expert in gathering and mounting a variety of eggs, ranging in size from silkworms' to mosquitoes'. Each new acquisition yielded a rich harvest of delight, for my microscope revealed a diversity in size, form, color, and markings fully equal to those larger varieties we are accustomed to find in the nests of birds.

I had frequently noticed on the flanks and legs of horses that were not thoroughly groomed, a profusion of bot-fly (Æstrus Equi) eggs, and, awaiting the proper time (August), I picked from the legs of a patient nag a number of hairs

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each ornamented at the end with one of these minute yellowish specks, with a view of submitting them to microscopic examination as a means of satisfying my curiosity. No sooner had I focused my instrument on these almost invisible objects than they instantly developed into forms of most marvelous beauty.

So entirely unique were they, differing from anything that had previously come under my observation in every detail, that I at once determined to mount them for preservation. I therefore carefully folded them in a bit of paper and placed them in my pocket, where they remained a month before I found leisure to mount them. On removing them from the wrapper I once more placed them under the microscope, that it might assure me they were just as I left them a month before.

Convinced that they were in their normal condition, I then proceeded to arrange them in an orderly position before sealing them in their crystal tomb, and, to make it less tiresome for my eyes, I condensed the light of the lamp on the objects with an ordinary reading-glass.

While thus manipulating them I was annoyed by a slight motion among the hairs to which the eggs were attached, and turned my breath away, under the impression that it was the cause of the disturbance. This, however, seemed to make no difference in the embryonic commotion, and for a moment I was thoroughly mystified.

Without waiting for further developments of a spiritualistic nature, I again appealed to my microscope to satisfy my curiosity. Placing the whole collection under a two-thirds objective, I was inexpressibly delighted to see fully one-fourth of the larvæ in the very act of opening their shells. It instantly occurred to me that in using the reading-glass in arranging the eggs I had not only condensed the light but also the heat of the lamp sufficiently to produce the wonderful result which my faithful microscope had revealed.

It is needless to add that I lost no time in hermetically sealing the objects of my delight in the glass cells prepared for their reception, where all signs of life soon ceased; and, as a result of this simple accident, I have a slide showing part of the eggs unopened just as they were gathered, while others show the grub with his head and half his body protruding from the shell.

It may also be interesting to the young student of nature to know that the egg of the bot-fly is not broken at all in hatching. The grub simply pushes a cap or lid from one end of his little cell and crawls out. Indeed, the shells are so strong that I have found it quite impossible to crush them between thumb and finger.

Two Dolls

By Mary Allaire

I think my first feeling was indignation when I looked at her. "Aged 107 years" was the legend hung on her neck; while another string held her suspended from a hook in the top of the case. Of course she was only a doll, but a doll one hundred and seven years old is entitled to a cushioned chair and space. Instead, this venerable friend of childhood was hung by the neck in the corner of a glass case, quite smothered by elegant brocade dresses, lace capes, and hats that had been worn by ladies when the doll was quite new; it is not impossible that the doll and the dresses and the laces and the hats all came over in the same ship. Here they were on exhibition at the World's Fair—the dresses spread to show the pattern; the laces given every opportunity; but the doll, which had been hugged and kissed until all the paint was worn off her dear, homely, wooden face, hung by the neck in a corner.

There was a very wise look in her eyes, and one felt almost sure that, if it were not for the glass, a conversation would be quite possible. Think of owning a doll as old as the country! The little girl who owns this doll is five years old, and she is the great-great-granddaughter of the lady who first owned it. What a difference between this doll, who doubtless was considered a beauty, and the doll who is sitting on the sofa in my parlor this morning! The doll at the Fair is cut entirely out of wood. Her hair is painted, her joints are stiff, and she would be considered quite small, being only about six inches long. As I think of her now, I do not believe that she would excite any comment if it were not for the card on her neck, "Aged 107 years." She is very valuable, if we remember all the love and tenderness and care she has received. Certainly too valuable to be hung by the neck, with her poor feet in the air like a criminal. I found my glasses getting quite moist when I looked at her, and I have had to take them off now as I remember her age and her position, dangling before a careless public; for she is hung too high for the children to see her unless they are quite tall. I wanted to rebuke some boys who shouted with laughter when they discovered her. She might have been saved that if a chair had been given to her.

The doll in my parlor has quite a history, and when I look in her face—for I hold her in my lap sometimes—she looks at me with so much intelligence that I listen as if I expected her to express an opinion.

Have you ever heard of a Working-Girls' Club?

Doubtless you have. Well, Lizzie Goodenough is a Working-Girls' Club doll, and I do not wonder that the girls of that Club are both fond and proud of her.

Among the many things done in a Working-Girls' Club is learning to sew. The members are usually young girls who have had to begin earning money when quite young, before they had time to learn to sew.

Now, sewing, unless you love it, is not any more interesting or attractive than learning to spell, or studying grammar or arithmetic. Well, you can imagine that learning to sew in the evening, after working hard in a factory all day, is not the most amusing occupation, and that a great many girls refuse to go into the sewing classes. How to make a sewing class interesting and amusing, then, becomes a most important question, and the President of one Working-Girls' Club solved it. She bought Lizzie Goodenough, who was then only a doll two feet tall. She had no personality. She was taken to the Club, and her beauty made every girl in the Club her friend. She could move her head, her arms, and her legs; she could stand up and sit down most gracefully. Her hair was not entirely satisfactory, so a friend of the Club gave the hair that had been cut from her head, and this was soon on Lizzie's—beautiful golden-brown hair that hangs way below her waist, and a beautiful bang besides; it all combs smoothly without tangling. You may be sure Lizzie created excitement, and when it was announced that she needed clothes, and that they were to be made in the Club, nearly the whole Club became a sewing class. The result is that Lizzie has an ample and satisfactory wardrobe. Flannel and muslin skirts, thick and thin dresses, cloaks, hats, slippers, stockings—all plain but well made, and they fit her. Every garment was cut and made in the evening by these young girls, all of whom work in factories all day. When Lizzie's wardrobe was finally completed, it became a question which dress she should wear. Then there was a fair at the Club, and Lizzie was the most important person there; she was bought and given back to the girls until she had far more than paid for her clothes. Then it became a question what should be done with her. It is a strange thing about working-girls' clubs that the members always find reasons for helping other people, other associations as well as their own. It was decided that Lizzie must make some little children happy, and she was voted to a lady who was well known to the members—who was a member of the Club. This lady gave her time to a kindergarten. She was asked if she thought the children in her kindergarten would like to have Lizzie visit them. Of course she answered "yes," and the next week Lizzie entered the kindergarten, and was admitted into all its attractions both of work and play. Every day a chair at the table was given to her, and her neighbors did her work. It was more difficult to give her the benefit of the games and the play-circle, but whenever possible it was done.

Now she has come to spend the summer with me. I often wonder if she misses the children, and I take her in my lap, and talk to her. I wonder if I imagine it!—some-

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times it seems to me her big brown eyes grow very loving. There is one thing of which I am sure. She never shall be hung by the neck in a glass case for careless people and rude boys to laugh at. She must have about one hundred and twenty-five families who are interested in her, and about forty children who love her, besides some "grown-ups." You see how much better protected she is than if she belonged to only one family.

Sunday Afternoon

Be Not Weary[1]

By Lyman Abbott

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Galatians vi., 9, 10.

The Galatians were the French of the olden time, with the fervor, the versatility, the quickness of response, the ready imagination, the instantaneous if superficial enthusiasm, which characterize the French nation. When Paul came among them with his Gospel, they received him with wonderful enthusiasm. He had some trouble with his eyes, due, perhaps, to that experience, at the time of his conversion, when he was blinded by the sudden light from heaven; and he says, in writing to them, that they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him if it could have done any good. That was the spirit in which they received him. But when he was no longer there to stir their hearts and quicken their minds and incite their imaginations, the flame of enthusiasm, which burned up quickly, burned out as quickly, and left only ashes. They ceased to be enthusiastic; they found that religion, which seemed to them such a power, was a very prosaic thing; they found it easier to think about the Gospel than to carry it out in daily life; and they began, as men do under such circumstances, to provide some substitute for practical religion: they began to fall back upon ceremonials and rites to take the place of righteousness and good living. This was the occasion for Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. It is the letter to which we are to go whenever we find the enthusiasm which began the religious life followed by stupor and the substitution of something for religion. I want to develop a little the doctrine of our text, and first to bring you a little closer to its original meaning.

In the first place, then, the two words rendered "season" in one text and "opportunity" in the other are the same Greek word. I do not know why the translators have rendered it by two different meanings. They give you the impression that whenever the chance occurs you are to do good; you are to wait for the opportunity and answer when it knocks at the door. But Paul says, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in the reaping season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have, therefore, the season"—that is, the sowing season—"let us do good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith."

There are four things, then, uttered by Paul in these two verses, by express statement or by implication. First, that there are occasions arising which induce us to become weary in well-doing; secondly, that we are not to yield to those occasions, but to go on with the righteous living, sure that when the time comes for reaping we shall gather the results of our right doing; thirdly, we are to recognize that this is the special season for doing good to others, and while we are in this sowing season we are to be exigent and earnest to do the sowing; and, fourthly, that we are especially to do this to those who are of the household of faith. These are the four points which I wish to talk about to you this morning.

In the first place, then, we do get weary in well-doing. I suppose we all get weary in well-doing. We have heard the Gospel preached from the pulpit by an eloquent preacher, we have read some eloquent discourse, we have read the story of the Four Gospels, and it seems to us to present such a noble ideal of life that we take hold of it with enthusiasm: it seems a poem, a glorious life. But it does not seem so when we begin to carry out our purpose. It was heroic for Christ to bear the cross. Why? Because it was hard to bear the cross. And, therefore, when we undertake to bear our cross, we find that cross-bearing is not a poem, it is hard and burdensome. Our bearing our cross is a very different thing from reading about Christ's bearing his cross. In the very nature of the case our life has elements of weariness in it if we attempt to follow, practically to follow, Christ. In the first place, we grow weary because this life of righteousness is a prosaic thing. Doing every day's duty oftentimes comes to be a kind of dull routine. It is doing common things in an uncommon spirit. Do you remember that passage in Isaiah where the prophet says that those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up on eagles' wings, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint? It seems at first like an anti-climax; but it is not. To spread wings and fly is glorious, exhilarating. They shall run and not be weary. To start out in the race spurred on by all the enthusiasm of competition is not difficult. But the climax comes when we walk and do not faint. To trudge down the dry and dusty way, step by step; to ask the people as you go along how many miles it is to the town you are going to reach, and every man makes it more miles than the man before; to find the roadway harder, and the pathway dustier, and the burden heavier and still heavier, and not give it up—that is the climax. But that is the essence of a Christian life: to go on doing prosaic things when the enthusiasm of the wings has gone and the enthusiasm of the race has gone, and there is nothing but a dry, dusty, day-by-day doing of duty, a dull and prosaic duty. Then we get weary. Let some one propose to start another mission school on the East Side of New York, and the newspapers will not give two lines to it; but let Dr. Rainsford propose to start a saloon with pure whisky, pure rum, pure wine, and a pure atmosphere, and we are all excited about it. I do not find any fault with that. We have tried the experiment of the Sunday-school, and wherever it has gone purity and truth have sprung up. But there is nothing new about that; it is just dull, prosaic, day-by-day work for dull, prosaic little children. But the notion of starting a reform liquor-shop! that is novel—and interesting. It stimulates us because it is novel. We get weary in well-doing just because it involves the same old routine day after day.

And then we get weary in well-doing because of the people we have to work with in our well-doing. We get sometimes very weary of the saints. Very. They are opinionated, they are obstinate, they have ambition and approbativeness mixed up with their conscience and their self-will; of course we are not opinionated, we are not obstinate, we have no approbativeness mixed up with our conscience; but they have! We find this in the mission work, in the Sunday-school, in the hospital, in the missionary society, in the church; and sometimes when these mixed motives appear, and the wish is hindered and delayed, we get discouraged and we say, There is absolutely no use; we may just as well get out of this and give it up. Do not you know that feeling? Have you not had it? How many ministers have come to me, I wonder, in the course of my experience, and said to me, practically, Mr. Abbott, I cannot work with that church any longer; I wish you would find me a better church? They have got tired of the saints. We get tired of the people we have to work with.

And then we get weary because of the people we have to work on. Publicans and sinners, when we read about them in the New Testament, are poetical; but publicans and sinners, when we meet them in this nineteenth century, are very prosaic people; there is nothing poetical about them at all; and we get tired of trying to do anything for them. We start out in life with an impression that everybody wants to be better, that the ignorant want to learn, that the vicious people want to be virtuous, that the idle people want to work. But we do not undertake to do good work

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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on that notion more than a week before we find that we are mistaken. The tramp comes to us, and is very sure that he wants work; very likely he is honest and sincere in his desire for work; and we give him some work, and he has not worked twenty-four hours when he wants some other job. The drinking man we get hold of, and we are sure that he wants to reform, and he is sure that he wants to reform, and we get him up out of the gutter; and in a week we go out and he is down in the gutter again, and we say, It is no use, it is too hard work. Or we undertake some political reform or some social reform with great interest, and we work at it for a little while, and then, what with the people we are working with and what with the people we are working on, the reform moves so slowly and the obstacles are so great that we abandon it; we say that it is wasted energy. Perhaps you are a teacher in the Sunday-school. You have your boys about you, half a dozen of them, just in their teens—just the age that is subject neither to the obedience of infancy nor to the self-control of manhood—boys from fourteen to sixteen or seventeen; and they punch one another, and they laugh and talk while you are talking to them, and you do not seem to make any progress in the Sunday-school lessons, and you grow weary of the attempt. Or you are a preacher. The preacher has an easy time of it! Does he? He has a thousand, twelve hundred, fifteen hundred, people to talk to; and they listen; they really seem to be interested; he really seems to be making some progress; and when the sermon is over they go out of the church, and at the end of a year—well! perhaps out of all those to whom he has talked fifteen or twenty or twenty-five come, saying, We want to confess Christ as our Saviour. And when he inquires into those twenty-five, they have all received their inspiration from the mother at the home or the teacher in the Sunday-school. Do you wonder that Paul spoke about the foolishness of preaching? It does seem the most foolish thing in the world sometimes.

And then we get weary because we do not see any result. When you are going to *make a thing*, you can see the result; you are doing something with your work day by day; but when you are going to accomplish something through *growth* in *character*, you do not see any result—you have to wait. The carpenter undertakes to make a box, and he works a day, and he can come in and see what he has done. But a farmer, seeking to raise a crop, drops the seed in the furrow, and harrows it over; it looks like a plain brown field the next week, the same the next week; and if it is not merely a field of grain he is going to raise, but an orchard, why, he has to wait for his children to get the benefit of his work. It is slow waiting when you are waiting for growth. Now, all spiritual work is a work of growth, not of manufacture, and there are at first no visible results, and we get tired and discouraged. Here is this mother; she has her boy; she has learned the value of "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little, there a little," and she tries to possess her soul in patience. He is a real, live, wide-awake, earnest, energetic boy, and as a consequence his room is never in order, except when the mother is there. She tries every way to get some order in him. Sometimes patiently she goes to the room and puts it in order, and hopes that at least he will recognize what she has done. No! he thinks he left it in order. Then she says to him, "John, it seems to me there has been a cyclone through your room;" and he goes whistling up stairs as though the proper place for a cyclone was his room. She tries one plan after another, and never reaches any result, and is sometimes almost inclined to give it up. Or, here is a mistress; she has got a cook, a fresh one, just from the other side; and she wants to do something for her. It is not with her a question merely of so much wages and so much return on the table; she really wants to do something for her cook; and she fits up a decent room for her, and gives her some books to read; and in a very few weeks the room is in hopeless disorder, and the books are untouched; and she tells her experience to her friend. There is no use, she says, in trying to do anything for your servants—I have tried; you cannot do anything.

Now, over against these experiences of weariness and discouragement in trying to do good—I have only given these few plain illustrations because I want you to see what I mean—over against this experience I put this declaration of the Apostle's: In its own season, in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not; and I want to turn to one or two passages that emphasize that promise and declaration. The first is in Isaiah: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." That is, then, a definite promise that the word of God, the word that goes out from a devout and loving and patient and trusting soul, shall not go in vain. This mother need not feel discouraged, this mistress need not feel disheartened, this preacher need not abandon his work; they are not working in vain: God's promise stands behind them. The second is linked to that—though it is a good ways from it in the Scripture—it is in James: "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient: stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." And the third are the words of Christ himself: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Here are these three statements: first, the absolute promise—The word of God shall not return unto him void, it shall accomplish the thing whereunto he has sent it; secondly, therefore, because we are working for God, we are to work with patience, waiting for him to come and fulfill his promise; and, thirdly, we are to be satisfied if we never do reap anything, because other generations shall come and shall reap the fruit. O mother, be not discouraged! More than once have I known such a boy graduating from his mother's influence and coming into the business office, and his desk in its order was the model of every one else in the office. And, if that is not the case, you may be sure that when that boy comes to be a father he will teach his son the order which he never has learned himself. O preacher! be not weary; you have the word of God on your lips, and if you have the faith and courage of God in your heart the word shall not return unto you void. To-day we are reaping where Luther and Paul and Wesley sowed. The minister goes into a church, and men look upon him wondering that he goes to a church that has so many disintegrating elements to scatter it hither and yon, and they wonder at what they call his success in holding it together; but it is held together because he has entered into another man's labor, and takes the advantage of all the reservoired spiritual forces which have been gathered there by his predecessor, waiting till it should be unlocked and issue forth in new energies. I believe it is a scientific statement that force, physical force, is never lost; it changes its form; heat turns into motion, and motion into electricity, and electricity again into heat or motion. The force changes its form, but it is not lost. And I am sometimes inclined to believe that this is equally true in the moral and spiritual realm. If we do not accomplish much, perhaps it is because we do not put a great deal of force into our work. But just as much patient, enthusiastic, divine force as this mother puts into the teaching of her child, or this teacher puts into her class, or this preacher into his congregation, or this mistress into her cook, just so much is sure to come out again.

Almost every Sunday there comes to me some preacher and shakes hands with me. If there is any preacher here this morning, I have spoken to him out of my own heart, which knows its own discouragements. Do not be discouraged if you do not see even the smallest shoot coming above the ground from the seed; go on. There is not only a God in the heavens, there is a God on the earth—God in the hearts of men. There is something of divine love in every child; no matter how the lineaments have been marred by sin, the divine lineaments are there.

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Sunday-school teacher, do not get discouraged; do not think you are of no use: God is here and Christ is here, and if God and Christ are speaking through you, you are of use.

Mother, do not be discouraged, nor think your boy is going to the bad because he does not do just what you want him to do and is not just what you want him to be; go on, have patience, have faith, have hope, have love—and I am almost inclined to say the chiefest of these is hope, because the mother by her very hope leads her boy on to a better life. Keep your hope bright. Be patient. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Paul Before Felix[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Paul is brought before the Roman governor for trial. His accusers have presented their case. The accusation is false; the accusers unscrupulous; the accused friendless; the judge without honor. History affords few more striking illustrations of the fulfillment of Christ's prophecy that his apostles are sent forth to be like sheep among wolves; and few more worthy illustrations in action of the full meaning of his often misunderstood direction, Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Let us see the white light this story throws on the problem which, in some form or other, is presented in almost every Christian life: How shall the Christian carry himself under unjust accusation and in the presence of unscrupulous enemies?

1. Paul recognizes the authority of the tribunal, and pleads before it. It often happens in the history of mankind that political power is usurped by men who have no right to it, and no purpose of exercising it in a righteous manner. Such was the present exigency. The Roman power over Palestine was a purely despotic power. It had no substratum of justice; no other foundation than that of mere military might. And Felix, in particular, represented the worst type of Roman officials: corrupt and conscienceless; fearing neither man, God, nor the devil; and standing in no practical awe of any higher civil power than his own. He answered fully to Christ's graphic and sententious description of an unjust judge.

Now, it has often happened, in such exigencies as this, that Christians have refused to recognize the right of usurping authority, or to plead before the graceless judge. The readers of the "Heart of Midlothian" will remember, in the description of Effie Deans's father, an illustration of a sturdy conscience thus mistakenly asserting itself. Such a protesting position finds no warrant in either the teaching or example of Scripture. The powers that be are ordained of God; whether they be good or bad powers. They represent law, and any authority is better than none; despotism is preferable to anarchy. It may, indeed, be questioned whether a Christian should appeal to courts of law; and it may be confidently asserted that he had better endure much before he does so. But if the appeal is taken against him, no matter how unjust the accusation, how conscienceless the tribunal, and how barren of moral right the civic authority which it represents, he has both the authority of Paul and of Christ for answering to the accusation before the judge. For in this matter Paul followed his Master, who, when brought before Caiaphas, submitted without resistance to a trial in which even the forms of Jewish law were grossly disregarded; and when, in violation of that law, the high priest summoned him to certify himself as to his claims, administering to him the oath in the customary formula, "I adjure thee by the living God," Christ protested with dignity against the wrong, but did not refuse to bow to the authority and bear true testimony, though he knew that it insured his death. In a true sense Christ was a martyr to his own respect for law. This lesson may seem to be needless; for probably none of my readers would refuse to plead before any American tribunal; but any lesson which enforces the respect due to magistrates, whatever their character and however appointed or elected, and reverence for law, whatever its nature and whatever usurpation may lie behind it, is not a needless lesson to any American reader. It is, perhaps, of all politico-moral lessons, the one which most needs to be urged on American youth. Lawlessness is at once a National vice and a National danger.

2. More important for us is it to note Paul's use of his opportunity, his method of employing it, the aim which guided and the spirit which actuated him. He was unquestionably in imminent danger. Danger to him was danger too, apparently, to the infant Church. But he spent very little time, and, evidently, very little thought, on self-defense. He did not think much of himself, and, therefore, not much of the danger which threatened him. In a few words he dismissed the charges personal to himself; then he preached the Gospel. He told the story he had to tell, and let that story serve as his only bulwark. It is true that the lesson specifically appointed for the day is chiefly an explanation of his course and a quasi-justification of it. But he called no witnesses, and let his simple word, enforced by his character, constitute his defense, and seized, as appears later in the narrative, the opportunity to preach of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come to his conscienceless judge. "Thy truth shall be my shield and buckler," says the Psalmist. We are apt to give this a metaphorical meaning, whereas it has a very real one. It is true that truth will not always protect from suffering and death; but when it does not, it will make suffering and death more efficacious than happiness and life could be. What is the use of happiness except to impart to others? And when our suffering will impart to others a deeper, truer joy, why should we fear it? What is the use of life except for service? And when death is a better service, why should we hesitate to die? Thus Paul argued; thus Christ, his Master, argued before him. Thus the Master, like his disciple, was indifferent as to his self-preservation, and answered Pilate only to bear witness to the truth and the kingdom of truth. And though that truth did not save him from the cross, it is noticeable that it was full of power to arouse in Pilate a conviction of his innocence and a desire for his rescue. Humanly speaking, nothing could have saved Christ, for his judge was a coward. But in both Paul's case and Christ's it vindicated the accused far better than any purposed self-vindication could do.

There are very few of us who are not at some time in our lives brought under the shadow of a false accusation. The natural way to meet it is by denial and self-defense. But that is not the New Testament way, nor the most effective way. There is a better, surer, and higher way. It is to give the false accusation a plain, simple, square denial, and then leave the life and the truth to do the rest. It is not my business to take care of my reputation; it is all I can do to take care of my character. If that is clean and pure and luminous, the light that is in me will shine on and out, and by and by will pierce the clouds and dispel them. For clouds are temporary, because earthly; but sunshine is eternal, because divine. Any one can distort my shadow; but no one but myself can distort me; and if I am not distorted my shadow will not long be distorted. But if it is, what matter?

Do not run after accusers. Do not trouble yourself about false accusations. Only be sure to make them false; then leave the falsehood to die. Go on with your life-work; and accept the position in which false accusation, and consequent scandal and reproach, place you, only as a new opportunity to bear witness to the truth and the life by your own manifest and glorious possession of them.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for August 20, 1893.—Acts xxiv., 10-25.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: August 21—Continually in the temple (Luke xxiv., 50–53); August 22—The sacrifice of praise continually (Heb. xiii., 8–17); August 23—Patient continuance (Rom. ii., 6–11); August 24—Continually in prayer (Luke xxi., 34–36); August 25—Daniel's continual witnessing (Dan. vi., 16–23); August 26—Seek his face continually (1 Chron. xvi., 7–15); August 27—Topic: Continual witnessing (Acts xxvi., 22; Ps. xxxiv., 1–4).

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The Religious World

The Campbell Heresy Case

We have already given our readers the principal facts regarding the charges of heresy which have been made against Professor John Campbell, of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. These charges came before the Presbytery of Montreal last week, at its regular meeting, and an animated discussion ensued. The committee previously appointed to prepare what is called in the Canadian Presbyterian Church a libel, submitted a draft of that document, and it was adopted after having been amended in some points. The errors with which the libel charges Professor Campbell, who has filled the professorship of Church History and Apologetics in the Montreal Presbyterian College, are the holding and teaching of a view of inspiration of the Scriptures "which impugns and discredits them as the supreme and infallible source of religious truths; second, for holding a view of God which sets Him forth as one who does not smite either in the way of punishment or discipline, and who has nothing to do with the judgment or punishing of the wicked, which is contrary to the Word of God and the Standards of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, since, according to the Word of God, Jesus Christ uniformly spoke with approval of the Scriptures that were then written, and appealed to them as authorities on religious questions." The charges thus raised are supported by many quotations from the Bible, and by extracts from Dr. Campbell's lecture, of which we have already given some account. The libel was finally adopted by a vote of fifteen to two, and the time of the trial was set for the second Tuesday in September. As we have already said, there are very few Presbyterians in the United States who would ever dream of attacking an able and learned professor of theology on account of the utterances attributed to Dr. Campbell. The action of the Canadian Presbytery indicates a doctrinal rigidity which distinctly surpasses that shown by our own General Assembly in the case of Professor Briggs.

Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Work

The Presbyterians of the United States are trying to raise during the current year $1,200,000 for foreign missions. The receipts for their Home Mission work last year, including all that was given for work among the Freedmen, extended even beyond $1,000,000. All the missionary activities of that communion are represented in the one missionary magazine called "The Church at Home and Abroad," whose average monthly circulation is about twenty-one thousand. Some other denominations, notably the Congregational, might well take a lesson as to the best way of presenting missionary information to their constituents. One thoroughly good magazine like "The Church at Home and Abroad" is far better than half a dozen inferior ones which few people care to read. The work is divided into two parts—the "Infield" and the "Outfield." On the "Infield" are provided the resources which are used on the "Outfield." Fifty-six new missionaries were sent out last year. The Presbyterian Board now has at their posts 623 missionaries, and 1,647 native workers, of whom 187 are ordained. The Chairman of the General Assembly's Committee on Foreign Missions is the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, and no better man for that responsible position could be found in the Church.

Church Mission House

Few cities in the world have so many and such ably managed missions and charities as New York. Among the various religious organizations, probably the Protestant Episcopal takes the lead in its charitable ministries. For many years there has been a project on foot for the erection of a building which should be a Home for the Missions and Charities of the Church. This plan took tangible shape in 1892, when, on October 3, Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, laid the corner-stone of the structure which is now approaching completion, and which is situated at the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. In this building will be grouped the offices of all the mission work of the Church, at home and abroad. By the way, the district about Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue is being monopolized by such buildings. Near by are the Young Men's Christian Association, the Academy of Design, the State Charities Aid Association, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Church Mission building is seven stories in height, in the Flemish style of architecture, and built of white marble. The first floor will contain stores, to be rented only to firms engaged in some business connected directly with church work. The second story will be devoted to offices for the Board of Missions; while the remainder of the building will be divided into various offices, a library, rooms of the Woman's Auxiliary Board, a sanctuary, and studios. The building, when completed, will have cost about $500,000. It will be one of the most beautiful buildings in the city, and a perfect "Parish House" for the denomination.

Unitarian Generosity

A writer in the "Christian Register" of July 20 gives some interesting facts concerning the comparative generosity of Unitarians. The illustration is from the city of Brooklyn. The writer says: "The pre-eminence of the Unitarians of the city in all public-spirited activities has come to me as a surprise." The article then goes on to show that the three most important institutions for the public good in Brooklyn, namely, the Brooklyn Institute, the Bureau of Charities, and the Union for Christian Work, are all administered by Unitarians, and that, while all classes of people co-operate, the Unitarians, in proportion to their numbers, give more than any other Christian body. Another illustration is from the Seaside Home for Children, an unsectarian work, a branch of the Children's Aid Society. The officers of this Home are members of orthodox churches, and therefore there is no special stimulus to Unitarian giving. The funds are raised in this way: Each spring reports of the work, subscription blanks, and stamped and addressed envelopes are distributed in the pews of the Protestant churches. Out of some two hundred Protestant churches in the city thirty-seven are recorded in the seventeenth Report of the Home as sending some subscription. Out of twenty-eight Presbyterian churches twelve subscribe; out of twenty-one Congregational churches seven give; out of forty-three Episcopal churches six give; out of thirty-eight Baptist churches five give; out of five Universalist churches one gives; out of forty-two Methodist churches one gives; of the three Unitarian churches all give. The combined gifts of these churches exceed the gifts of any other denomination except the Congregational. The First Unitarian Church alone gives more for this charity than all the Episcopal churches—yes, and the Baptist, Methodist, and Reformed churches combined. These figures are very interesting, and, we presume, are accurate. However, the author of the article should remember that, as a rule, the so-called orthodox churches give very largely for home and foreign missions and for many other objects which seldom come on the list of the Unitarian churches. We are very glad, however, to give these facts, which indicate vitality among Christian workers, and prove that when it comes to the service of man few excel our Unitarian friends in generosity and fidelity.

The Anglican Church Congress

The Anglican Church Congress corresponds to that of the Episcopal Church in this country. It may interest our readers if we give an outline of the meetings of the Congress which are to be held in Birmingham, England, beginning October 3. The sermons are to be preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and Archdeacon Farrar. Among the subjects we notice the following: "The Work of the Church among the Artisan Population: How to Reach the Careless and Non-church-goers; How to Break Down Prejudice Against the Church; Missions Among the People; How to Influence the Home." The chief speaker on this subject is Archdeacon Farrar. Much attention in the Congress is given to the general subject of Social Science—indeed more than to any other. On the following day the subject is Social and Labor Questions, in which are discussed the duty of employers to the employee, of the employed to the employers, and the duty of the clergy to both. Still another day we find the subject of "The Church and the Poor," with special references to Labor Homes, suitable dwellings, relief and thrift. As we study this programme it seems to us that it revolves

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around two centers—one, the Church of England, its present condition, and what may be done to increase its efficiency; and the other, the Social Problem. It is evident from the prominence given to these topics that the Anglican Church realizes that the question of disestablishment is creating conditions which must be faced, and which can no longer with wisdom be evaded. And also that it clearly understands that no Church can thrive in England which does not address itself directly and constantly to the ever-present problem of the poor. Among the other topics we notice: "Education," "Preaching and a Preaching Order," "Home and Foreign Missions," "Science and Faith," "The Church and the Press," "The Disposal of the Dead." This last topic we do not remember to have seen given a place on any other similar programme. Three phases of it are marked for consideration: "Cremation," "Earth-to-Earth Burial," and "Extravagance in Funerals." Among the prominent speakers, in addition to those already mentioned, are to be several Bishops, the Rev. A. C. A. Hall, the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the Dean of Toynbee Hall; Canon Wilberforce, the impassioned advocate of temperance reform; Professor Sir George Stokes, the eminent philosopher and mathematician of Cambridge; Canon W. H. Fremantle, and Sir Douglass Galton. If any of our American readers are likely to be in England in October, we are sure that they would enjoy a visit to Birmingham and to this Congress. Birmingham is one of the most interesting cities in England for an American to visit, especially if he is interested in sociology. No city in the Kingdom has devoted more attention to municipal problems. The Church Congress and social science in Birmingham would furnish work enough to occupy most students for a month.

"Cavalry Curates"

We have been interested in reading of an experiment which is soon to be tried by the Church of England authorities in the rural districts of Northumberland. Each rural deanery will hold a special Conference "for the purpose of selecting suitable spots for small chapels capable of holding from thirty to fifty people, and arranging for services at these chapels by mounted clergymen, who are to be called 'Cavalry Curates,' each of whom will be supplied with a pony." These curates will hold three services on Sunday, will give three "cottage lectures" during the week, and will visit the homes in remote districts "circulating useful books and tracts, catechising the children, advising the parents, guiding the young men and women, and carrying out the other many administrations of the Christian ministry." This work is very much like that carried on by our Western missionaries, and it is interesting to see that wherever the Master's cause is to be advanced, by whatever denomination it is carried forward, the methods employed are similar, varying mostly with the individual requirements.

The Anglican Clergy and the Newer Education

It is only a few years since the great English universities were opened to Nonconformists. Until that time, most of the culture of the Kingdom was in the Established Church. To be sure, the Dissenters founded colleges in various parts of the Kingdom, but their colleges were little like the great universities. They were poor, could seldom command the best men, and their professors were greatly overworked. But since 1870 all this has changed, and many of the most prominent students in recent years have been from the ranks of Nonconformity. The change in the relative position of the members of the Establishment and Dissenters, and especially of the Anglican clergy in its relation to the higher intelligence of the country, as compared with what it was half a century ago, are brought out very vividly by Dr. Jessopp in a recent number of the "Nineteenth Century." We commend his facts to our readers. He says:

> Fifty years ago there were twenty-four professors in the University of Cambridge, of whom five only were laymen. There are now forty professors, of whom, excluding the professors of Divinity, only three are in Holy Orders; while at Oxford, of the forty-eight professors, excluding the professors of Divinity, again only three are clergymen. He adds: "The leaders in thought and culture, in mathematical and physical science, in history, economics, linguistics, even in classical learning—the leaders in literature in its widest acceptation—are no longer to be found among the ordained clergy of the Church of England, but outside their ranks. In 1843 there were ninety Fellows of the Royal Society who were in Holy Orders. In 1893 the names of no more than fifteen clergymen of the Established Church are to be found in the roll-call of England's most illustrious brotherhood. It is worse than idle to shut our eyes to all this—the logic of facts is irresistible."

"A House of Rest"

In our time the ways of helping to ameliorate the human condition are legion, but we have heard of nothing more distinctly unique than the "House of Rest" which it has been proposed to establish in the very poorest part of London. "The objects of the institution are, to provide a restaurant and house of rest for women and girls employed in shops, warehouses, and factories; a house of rest for church workers coming from a distance to work in the neighborhood; and a suitable place for lectures and classes on various subjects, such as Biblical Knowledge, Church Principles, and useful Household Sciences." It is hoped that the institution will in time become self-supporting. Lords and ladies are at present among its chief advocates. The Duchess of Teck is one of its patronesses, and the Bishop of Southwark is President. If the patronage of the nobility is all that is necessary to the furtherance of this generous scheme, and to the founding and regulating of such an institution, then the success of the "Woman's Restaurant and House of Rest" is assured.

Gleanings

—The consecration of Dean Lawrence as the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts will probably take place in Trinity Church, Boston, the first week in October.

—The Talcott Street Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., in which the American Missionary Association was organized, is about to erect a handsome new edifice.

—Mr. Isaac V. Brokaw will build and present to the Rev. Dr. Kittredge's Madison Avenue Reformed Church, in this city, a mission-house and nursery, to be located on the southeast corner of Sixtieth Street and First Avenue, and to cost about $60,000.

—A correspondent writes: "The degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. T. E. Monroe, of Akron, O., at the recent commencement of Oberlin College. Dr. Monroe is pastor of the First Congregational Church of Akron, which, during the twenty years of his pastorate, has more than quadrupled its membership, besides establishing two thriving young churches as offshoots of the parent society."

—The Rev. Jeremiah Porter, of Beloit, Wis., who died at his home lately at the age of eighty-nine, was a pioneer in religious work in the West, and while on a tour in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, in 1833, he visited Chicago, then a military station of about three hundred persons, and preached the first sermon ever heard there. The result of this meeting was the establishment at Chicago of its first church.

—The statistics of the Northern Presbyterian Church are about to be published in the usual form by the Stated Clerk, Dr. Roberts. They will show a total of 31 Synods, 221 Presbyteries, 6,509 ministers, 25,399 elders, 7,292 churches, and 855,089 communicants. The gain in communicants for the last five years has been about 65,000; there has been contributed for all purposes the enormous sum of $14,916,311.

—Perhaps the most famous distributer of Bibles in the world was Deacon William Brown, of New Hampshire. He began the work in 1849, and kept it up until his death this year, at the age of seventy-six. During that time no less than 120,000 copies of the Scriptures were given out by him, and, despite his age, in two years preceding his death he canvassed 239 towns and visited over 80,000 families. He must have borrowed his methods, though not his spirit, from the typical book agent.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first Sunday-school at Bedford, Mass., says the New York "Tribune," has revived the memory of the Rev. Samuel Stearns, to whom its establishment was due. It seems strange in this day to learn that the plan met with opposition from adherents of the church. Many honestly contended that it was a desecration of the Sabbath Day for children to congregate for such purposes. Mr. Stearns persisted in his design, however, and was one of the first in the State to have such an institution.

—The Trustees of the Bangor Theological Seminary at their recent annual meeting passed the following vote: "*Resolved*, That a distinctively Biblical course of study be instituted in this Seminary as an elective." A committee was appointed "to provide for the instruction contemplated in the elective course." The special object of the course is to give adequate instruction in English studies to those who are not prepared for the regular course in Hebrew and Greek. The study of the English Bible will be a distinctive feature of this new course. It is to be "an elective," and hence optional to all students who are proper candidates for the Christian ministry.

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Books and Authors

Ethics and Evolution[1]

The writer of this notice must ever acknowledge indebtedness to the instructor in the law department of a famous university for the incalculable value of his work in reducing the essential contents of Blackstone's Commentaries to the dimensions of a series of very helpful lectures. We used to say in the class-room that Blackstone "boiled down" had saved us an enormous amount of work without the loss of any salient fact or principle. We have very much of the same feeling in the perusal of Mr. Williams's elaborate review of the various systems of ethics; for in the first half of his book, containing altogether nearly six hundred pages of closely printed matter, he has virtually "boiled down" a library of standard writers on ethical principles based on the evolutionary hypothesis. We do not at this moment remember any similar undertaking in our language, and not only is the labor itself unique and important, but, upon the whole, the method of the author evinces skill in presentation of argument, and consummate ability in the résumé of evolutionary principles avowed by fourteen notable thinkers, some of the highest authority. Beginning with Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, and Fiske, and ending with Alexander, Mr. Williams offers a succinct and satisfactory account of their systems, wisely refraining from personal comment until the second half is reached, and giving a most intelligible epitome of opinions. We entertain only sentiments of admiration for this feature of his work, a feature which puts the reader in complete touch with information not otherwise attainable except by ransacking well-equipped libraries, and not even then, we believe, in some instances, if one does not chance to read the German.

But when we come to the author's own review of evolutionary ethics, in the course of which he examines the foregoing, and argues from original premises, along with much that is admirable we also find not a little that calls for criticism. The discussion of the "Concepts of Evolution"—as, for example, theories of heredity and adaptation—is able in the extreme, and unbiased as regards committal to authorities merely because of the weight attaching to their names. Mr. Williams possesses, in his own right, sufficient learning, penetration, and logical acumen to enable him to gauge the scientific value of the theories proposed. Nor do we think his reputation as a student will suffer before the keenest analysis of Chapter IV. on "The Mutual Relations of Thought, Feeling, and Will in Evolution." Our criticism chiefly lies against his spirit and method in the chapter entitled "Results of Ethical Inquiry." It is not so much that the author's point of view opposes the tenets commonly held by a broad evangelical faith, for, on philosophical grounds, we must concede the right to such dissent when joined with calm and judicial scholarship of the best agnostic type. It is rather that Mr. Williams, in a species of Squire Wendover antagonism, occasionally bitter and combative, misinterprets the Christian symbols, and attacks fundamental Christian conceptions with acrimony. In his introduction the author feelingly acknowledges his indebtedness to the late Professor M. Stuart Phelps, whom he holds in grateful remembrance as his first teacher in philosophy. We wonder what this devout and brilliant Christian scholar would say to his pupil after reading the curiously superficial attacks on revealed religion in the chapter referred to! In the pages from 519 to 527, inclusive, there are extraordinary evidences of this writer's ignorance of the real attitude of devout and progressive Christian thought of to-day toward the problems of our time. His total misunderstanding of some of the utterances of Jesus could hardly arise except in the lack of fine spiritual perception. And readers of The Outlook do not need to be reminded that the position of this journal is by no means favorable to ultra-Calvinistic and antiquated conceptions of the meaning of Christianity.

The close of the final chapter on "The Ideal and its Attainment" is almost pathetic in its affirmation of disbelief in personal immortality. The words are these: "As we accept the truth and bow our heads to the inevitable, we may learn a less narrow happiness for this life and for the hereafter from the great pioneers of scientific doubt and pure humanitarianism." He also speaks of "the loss of our faith in individual immortality" as greater source of "present pain" than the thought of the ultimate destruction of the human race. But it is the consolation of the reader to know that while some evolutionists, perhaps a majority, incline to this opinion, there are others—like Mr. Powell in his noble book, "Our Heredity from God"—who find in the doctrine of evolution, justly conceived, the abiding and irrefutable proof of a richer, loftier, grander life beyond the grave, and, to our mind, quite independent of the revelation of immortality in Christ. Evolutionary ethics point to a perfected moral system in the ages yet to dawn, whose glory will be enjoyed by the spirits of the just who in this earthly sphere sought to lift humanity nearer the Christ ideal.

But, in spite of criticism, we are of the opinion that the major portion of this valuable and scholarly review is a distinct addition to our philosophical literature. At all events, as already remarked, it well occupies a niche in libraries where previously the shelf was vacant. Along the main lines of review and discussion the contents are notably rich in the collection of data and suggestive as commentaries upon present-day theories. With this volume one may sweep the field of evolutionary ethics as with a powerful glass, and bring into clear thought-relief facts and principles, propositions and discoveries, otherwise hidden in the mass of current scientific literature.

[1] *A Review of the Systems of Ethics Founded on the Theory of Evolution.* By C. M. Williams. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The Age and the Church. By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford, Ct.) In our judgment, Dr. Stuckenberg has given to the world a most suggestive and thoughtful production. It is, in substance, a study of the age in which we live, and of the adaptation of the Church to its needs. Written from the view-point of the German scholar, each of these essays discloses intimate acquaintance with movements and tendencies which underlie the social and religious status of many countries. Conceding that the dominant factors of to-day chiefly center in the nations of western Europe and in the United States, the author's first inquiry relates to the characteristics of the age therein revealed. Among other characteristics, he names popularity as a decisive test of fitness (in the popular judgment), the study of natural science as the most prominent factor in all intellectual pursuits, the prevalence of a critical spirit, the demand for reality, absorption in politics, crass materialism, and pessimism. In treating these topics Dr. Stuckenberg is not always correct in his diagnosis of tendencies and conditions, but his optimistic outlook is encouraging. The papers that follow, on "Religion and Theology," "The Church," "Protestantism and Catholicism," "The Church and Culture," while profoundly cognizant of the strength and direction of various ecclesiastical forces, are primarily helpful because of their practical insight. But the final essay, on "The Church and Socialism," is, in our opinion, the most creditable of all. It exhibits a thorough understanding of current sociological problems in their most debatable aspects, and while Dr. Stuckenberg is perhaps lacking in expert knowledge of fundamental economic principles of a purely technical nature, he is quite at home in suggesting feasible and workable methods of effecting certain definite reforms. We cordially commend the entire volume to American readers as a valuable contribution to the literature which has for its purpose the interpretation of our nineteenth-century environment. While some positions are open to question, and some inferences clearly wrong, we confess to high appreciation of the main insistence of the teaching.

Books on Evolution, treating its many phases, appear with the frequency of showers in sultry weather, and the whole field of scientific discussion, from Darwin's "Descent" to "Evolutional Ethics," is strewn with treatises. But there is always room for such a volume as that which Professor Henry Calderwood, of the University of Edinburgh, now offers, bearing the imprint of Macmillan & Co. (New York). Professor Calderwood's purpose in writing appears to be threefold—(1) To trace the evidence of man's relation to the continuity of life on the earth; (2) to describe the distinctive characteristics of human life itself;

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(3) to help many people who have found it difficult to reconcile with the acceptance of evolution their cherished conviction as to the responsibilities of rational life. These purposes are well sustained throughout, and the investigations of a philosophical mind at work upon such data as, for example, are supplied in a book like Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," associated with a broad survey of the entire field of evolutionary hypotheses, must inevitably result in a chapter on "Rational Life" well worth our study. The complete title of Professor Calderwood's treatise is *Evolution and Man's Place in Nature*, but the concluding chapter, with the above prefix, epitomizes all that goes before. Accepting fully the approved results of evolution as a process, including the physical origin of man, the author yet insists that the evidence adduced shows the inadequacy of the physical organism to account for the activity of the rational life. A rational life—*i. e.*, the moral and spiritual element—stands by itself on an eminence severed from organic evolution, and is joined to the First Great Spiritual Cause as the source of its dignity and power. But within the compass of this proposition, defended with signal ability, the reader will find many facts of subordinate significance relating to the entire problem of human development.

Mrs. Helen Gilbert Ecob is widely known as an intelligent student of the important question of dress reform for women—a subject which has been very widely discussed of late years, and with which many experiments, most of them rash and condemned from the start to an untimely end, have been made. The violations of physiological law in the matter of dress have been so many, and the results of them so disastrous, that radicalism in dealing with the subject was to be anticipated, and so it has happened that most of the attempts to change the dress of women have failed because they have aimed simply at health, and left beauty out of account. As a matter of fact, beauty is quite as necessary in woman's dress as hygienic soundness, and every attempt to reform dress without taking into account the æsthetic element has necessarily been condemned to failure. Mrs. Ecob recognizes this fact in her volume on *The Well-Dressed Woman*, which is described, in its secondary title, as "A Study in the Practical Application to Dress of the Laws of Health, Art, and Morals," and of which a second edition, revised and enlarged, has already appeared. Under such titles as "Causes of Ill Health," "How Shall Women Breathe," "Unconscious Suicide," "Physical Development," "Beauty of Form," "Grace of Motion," "Principles of Art Applied to Dress," and the "Moral Significance of Dress," Mrs. Ecob traverses the whole field, and presents her conclusions and her suggestions in a very attractive and lucid fashion. One may not agree with all that she has to say, but her book is a valuable contribution to the discussion now going on, and ought to aid not a little in clearing up the confusion with regard to it, and in furnishing intelligent women with material for arriving at their own conclusions. The volume is intelligently illustrated. (Fowler & Wells Company, New York.)

In Charles Haddon Spurgeon's *Gospel of the Kingdom : A Popular Exposition of the Gospel according to Matthew* (Baker & Taylor Company, New York), we are conscious of entering the domain of common-sense practicalities. Mr. Spurgeon's last work contains, as Dr. Pierson says in his brief introduction, "the aroma of his dying days." This eminent preacher had meager sympathy with, and less toleration for, the progressive theological tendencies of modern times. And to us his hard-and-fast literalism in theology and mediæval conceptions of doctrine are most repugnant. But he must be afflicted either with blind prejudice or singularly obtuse perceptions who denies to Spurgeon a rare gift of helpful spiritual insight. The publication we are considering is replete with the concentrated richness of Spurgeon's happiest qualities as pungent commentator on the practical truths of the Word of God. In homely, striking phrase, sometimes pointed with keenest wit, the great preacher unveils the meaning of recondite passages. Like most of his work, this particular commentary will be of much assistance to busy pastor and Sunday-school instructor.

The Distaff Series is the appropriate title of a series of several dainty books now coming from the press of Harper & Brothers (New York), made up of selections from the representative work of the women of the State of New York in periodical literature, and classified under various departments, the first volume being devoted to *Women and the Higher Education*, edited by Miss Anna C. Brackett. The seven essays which compose the volume were written between 1819 and 1892, by Mrs. Wilson, Professor Mitchell, Mrs. Palmer, Professor Salmon, Miss Brackett, and Miss Embury, and all relate, in one form or another, to the higher education of women.

A curious and interesting work is *The Evolution of Decorative Art*, by Henry Balfour, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The author starts with an examination of prehistoric art, going as far back as the drift period; shows the origin of the impulse to decorate, the natural causes of ornamental form in their utility, in picture-writing, and in the heraldry of primitive men. "Art," he says, "is not a thing of spontaneous origin, but of slow and gradual though constant growth, ever changing, with a tendency to advance from the simple to the complex, and, while we may study and compare its fluctuations in the past, and view the changes which it undergoes in the present, and speculate as to its beginnings, yet in no wise can we foretell what will be its end."

The Meaning and Method of Life, by George M. Gould, A.M., M.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), includes a number of essays on Incarnation, Cytology, Sensation, Evolution, Reproduction, Freedom, Ethics, Beauty, Sleep, Dreaming and Awakening, and kindred themes, which evince philosophic completeness of insight combined with exact scientific information. The tone is devout and reverential, and, while some few pages are a little trivial, the general influence of the work is stimulating. The author certainly makes us realize vividly the forcefulness of Pope's hackneyed line, "The proper study of mankind is man."

The *Guide to Alaska* prepared by Miss E. R. Scidmore is much more than a guide-book. It gives a thoroughly intelligent account of the country, its climate, scenery, products, industries, native tribes, settlement, history, and possibilities. Like the author's previous book on Alaska, this is written in a readable and sometimes vivacious style. Tourists will find full information, with maps, routes of travel, etc. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—Mr. Norman Lockyer's observations among the temples of Egypt will bear fruit in his forthcoming book, "The Dawn of Astronomy."

—The life of Robert E. Lee for the Great Commander Series of the Messrs. Appleton will be written, it is understood, by Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

—Congressman W. S. Holman has for many years taken notes of events which he has witnessed and of conversations he has had with public men, with a view to writing eventually a book of personal reminiscences.

—The Boston "Transcript" says that the first free town library in this country was started in the village of Petersborough, N. H., in April, 1833, and has ever since been open, on Sundays as well as on week-days.

—The "New England Magazine," the publication of which has been temporarily suspended, is to be continued. Mr. Warren F. Kellogg has purchased the assets of the old company and will carry on the magazine, and Messrs. Edwin D. Mead and W. B. Hart are to continue in editorial charge.

—Sheridan's great-grandson has placed a mass of valuable unpublished Sheridan papers at the disposal of Mr. Frazer Rae, and these will be used to expand Rae's "Life of Sheridan," which has long been out of print. Among these papers are many interesting letters which passed between Sheridan and his first and second wives, a correspondence with the Prince Regent, and a copy of "The School for Scandal" corrected by the author.

Books Received

ALBERT, SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO
Scott, E. H. Journal of the Federal Convention. $5.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Edwords, Clarence E. Camp-fires of a Naturalist. $1.50.
Sanborn, Kate. A Truthful Woman in Southern California. 75 cts.
Steel, Mrs. F. A. From the Five Rivers. 50 cts.

THE CRITIC CO., NEW YORK
The Critic, Vol. XIX. January-June, 1893.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Curtis, George William. Other Essays from the Easy Chair. $1.
Goodale, Frances A. The Literature of Philanthropy. $1.
Black, William. The Wise Women of Inverness. 80 cts.
Fuller, Edward. The Complaining Millions of Men. $1.25.
Warner, Charles Dudley. The Work of Washington Irving. 50 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Bacon, Edwin M. Boston Illustrated. 50 cts.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Sanborn, Mary F. Paula Ferris. $1.25.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. The Monastery. $1.25.
Fielding, Henry. The Adventures of Joseph Andrews and His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. Edited by George Saintsbury. 2 Vols. $2.
Brontë, Charlotte. Villette. 2 Vols. $2.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, NEW YORK
Stearns, J. N. Temperance in All Nations.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Henry, Caleb S., D.D. About Men and Things. 50 cts.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

Mr. Haweis and the Mackenzie Biography

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am sorry that you should have been entrapped into reprinting a libelous charge against me which has been summarily disposed of in the English press but seems still to run in America and our colonies: (1) "That I published Sir Morell Mackenzie's life against the wishes of, and contrary to a distinct agreement with, the family." (2) "That I refused to consider offers of compensation." Both these charges are utterly false. These are the facts:

I was pressed to write Sir Morell Mackenzie's life by the family. Materials for the purpose were placed in my hands unreservedly by the family. Proofs of the entire work were submitted to the family.

I altered much, and was willing to alter any amount more, to meet the wishes of the family. There was never any "distinct agreement" that I was bound to adopt all the family's suggestions, though practically I never refused to adopt any; but I undertook the work only on the understanding that I was to be sole judge and arbiter of how to deal with the biographical material committed to me. Suddenly, when the book is on the eve of appearing, the family approach me with a formal request to suppress the book. Of course I happened to know that this request was made in deference to the Empress Frederick of Germany's wishes. The Empress did not wish the details of the Emperor Frederick's illness revived. I had sent her the proofs of my book. I was, of course, willing to bow to her corrections or suggestions. Instead of receiving the proofs back, or any intimation of her wishes, I received a request from the family at the eleventh hour that I should suppress the entire book. I pointed out that, as I had been fully empowered to make arrangements with Messrs. Allen & Co. for its publication six months previously, and as the book had been printed and advertised with their full knowledge, they must square the publishers and then come to me. They then offered a lump sum down; the publishers accepted it. I was then approached. Under the circumstances I was willing to respect the Empress's wishes and gratify the family.

On the 29th of May I went down to Messrs. Allen's offices, and accepted the proposal, which emanated spontaneously from the Mackenzie family, and was made through their own lawyer. The proposal included an absurdly small honorarium to myself for six months' literary labor. But I accepted it. Now mark what followed. The instant I accepted, the family immediately, and without a word of explanation, withdrew their offer and made no other.

The publishers at once ordered the issue of the book. I was not even consulted or told before this action was taken, and no one was more surprised than myself to hear that, acting within their contract rights, the publishers had decided on publishing to recover costs.

At this juncture, I should like to ask, was it my place to come forward and pay down a large sum for the suppression of a book which I was urged to write, and empowered to write and print, and for which not a farthing of remuneration was now offered me?

The facts have been fully published in the English press, but, a member of the Mackenzie family being special correspondent of a leading New York paper, the American press has been carefully tuned.

When the book appeared, I was assailed by the family in pretty much the terms, and with pretty much the charges, which you reproduce. I replied in the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Standard," and to my reply there has been no sign or shadow of an answer.

What, then, is the truth? The Mackenzie family alone are responsible for the appearance of my Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie, but they are afraid of the Empress and want to make me the scapegoat. I decline to be made the scapegoat. *I* suppressed the book. The *Mackenzie family* first consented and then refused to suppress it. The obvious inference is that the Mackenzie family wished the book to appear. The whole thing is too transparent, and the howl raised against me is a mere blind. However, this feeble and ineffectual attempt to get down on both sides of the fence has now been amply exposed; but as I am starting for America on 30th of August, *en route* to fulfill my engagements to speak at Chicago on 19th September, and as I have many warm friends in your country, I shall be glad if you can give publicity to this apparently necessary explanation.

Yours respectfully,
H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.,
Incumbent of St. James', Marylebone, London.

We are glad to give this opportunity to Mr. Haweis to present his view of this matter. Our brief note was based, as we stated at the time, on published declarations from the Mackenzie family. We gave the facts as published, without any pretense of an elaborate examination of the business questions involved.—THE EDITORS.

II.—Notes and Queries

1. A person holds to the belief that the punishment of the wicked is not necessarily eternal, that hell is not literally a lake of fire and brimstone, that the punishment of the wicked soul consists in remorse for its sins, that remorse means penitence, and that God will not permit the penitent soul to suffer eternal torture. Do you consider this view of hell as being consistent with "the hell of the Bible"? If not, what Scripture would you quote as showing that the doctrine of eternal punishment is "unscriptural and dangerous," which you are quoted in print to have stated? 2. A person who believes in the existence of a God, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, in the immortality of the soul, in the future reward of the good and punishment of the wicked, as above stated—this person, for want of further facts on both sides of the question, does not declare an opinion either for or against the deity of Christ, not knowing whether Christ was God himself in the flesh, or a perfect man, so filled with the spirit of God that he had the superhuman power to work the miracles recorded of him; would you regard this person's faith as not being the faith of the Christian, or is either of those beliefs not Christian? H. W.

1. Our thoughts on this subject were given in this column not long ago (see our issue of May 2). We should not say that "remorse means penitence;" it is rather preliminary to penitence. It is not eternal, but *endless*, punishment that is properly in question. Eternal punishment is punishment in eternity, not throughout eternity; as temporal punishment is punishment in, not throughout, time. Endless punishment is "unscriptural," as being against the general spirit and current of the Bible, and contrary to several explicit declarations, as Eph. i., 10; Phil. ii., 10, 11; Col. i., 20. It is "dangerous," as a stumbling-block to faith in the Eternal Goodness. 2. Christian faith is not a belief of any propositions whatever about God and the soul and Christ. A man may believe that Christ is God himself, and yet be destitute of Christian faith. Such faith does not depend on holding a particular opinion as to the essential nature of Christ. It is simply an obedient trust in Christ as Master and Saviour, embracing him in love, ruled by him in duty, and drawing from him inspiration and hope. Such a man will not hesitate to say "God was in Christ," though he may not be able to say, "Christ was God." It is enough if he can say, "I cannot understand; I love."

In one of his papers on the Manliness of Christ Thomas Hughes says: "If our wills had from the first been disciplined, like the will of Christ, so as to be in perfect accord with the will of God, I see no reason to doubt that we, too, should have gained the power and courage to show signs, or, if you please, to work miracles as Christ and his Apostles worked them." Is this what Christ meant in Luke xvii., 6; Mark xi., 23, 24; John xiv., 12, 13, 14? How shall we understand these unfulfilled promises? After eighteen centuries of growth, is there not yet one follower of Christ with "faith as a mustard-seed"?
O. C. O.

We think Mr. Hughes's remark sound, and worthy to be closely pondered. We should supplement it by referring to 1 Cor. xii., 7–11, where faith (apparently of the wonder-working kind) is mentioned as a special gift of the Spirit. But the "eighteen centuries" have largely been passed in a wandering in the wilderness, not in an occupying of the promised land. Nominal Christianity is still largely in excess of real. We shall do well to treasure Christ's promises to the men of faith, and to count ourselves as being even now nearer to the raw material of humanity than to its ripeness. So Tennyson:

If twenty million summers are stored in the sunlight still,
We are far from the noon of man—there is room for the race to grow.

Will you kindly explain the meaning of Rom. vii., 17, 20, and last clause 25? Is there such a thing as involuntary sin? How can one serve the divine law with the mind, and serve the law of sin with the body?
A. L. P.

There can be sin which is not the product of a will to sin. "Sins of ignorance" are still sins. But observe that by "the flesh" Paul means more than the body; he includes "the mind of the flesh" (ch. viii., 7)—the desires and thoughts of our lower or animal nature. He speaks more like a poet than a philosopher, and personifies the lower tendencies of his nature as if he were two men in one. His thought is that while his "mind," or higher nature, dominant on the whole, though sometimes overborne, is subject to the divine law, his "flesh," or lower nature, is still in bondage to these sinful tendencies, which he calls "the law of sin."

A correspondent asks in your current issue where to find

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways,"

in Whittier's poems. The lines, with "foolish" for "feverish," may be found in "The Brewing of Soma," page 373 in the "Household Edition."
H. M. B.

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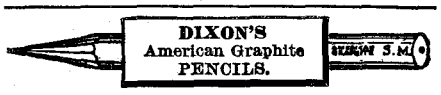

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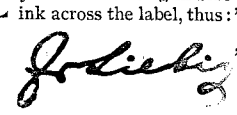

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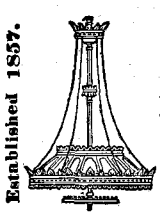

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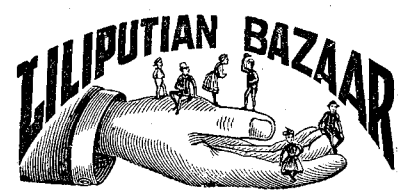

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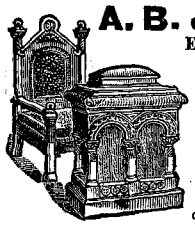

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—Dr. Nansen's equipment includes a phonograph, into which his wife has sung her favorite songs, and with these the explorer will beguile away some lonesome hours in the Arctic regions.

—The only contemporary English poet, says the New York "Evening Post," who ever gives us a glimpse of the heroic and Elizabethan quality is Michael Field, who, when resolved into his original elements, is well known to consist of two shy ladies in an English country town.

—"Of all titles given to Mr. Gladstone during his long career," says the Dundee "Times," "that of a Glasgow school-boy deserves recording. At a recent examination in the school, the inspector asked who was the patron saint of Ireland, and received the unexpected answer, 'Mr. Gladstone.'"

—It is said that the only man living whose father fought in the battle of Concord is Luke Smith, of Acton, Mass. He is a little over eighty years old, but remembers with the utmost clearness the account given him by his father, Solomon Smith, and walked over the original route of march in Concord with him many times. Mr. Smith served during the Civil War, having enlisted three times.

—At Saltley, near Birmingham, England, there lives an old lady who has carefully treasured up a posy which was given to her on the occasion of the Queen's coronation in 1837. It was carefully locked away for fifty years, and on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee the old lady produced it, all dried up and faded, for the inspection of her friends, and again on the wedding-day of the Duke and Duchess of York.

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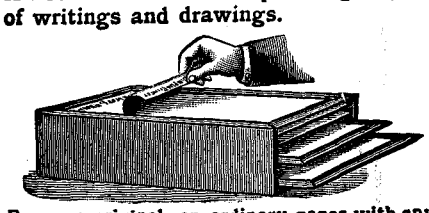

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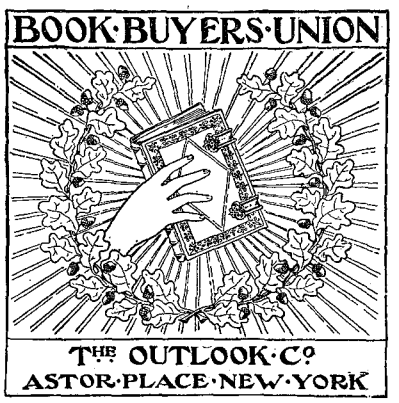

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